AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V.—(XV.)—DECEMBER, 1896.—NO. 6.

HYMNS OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

"*Salvete, flores martyrum!*"

ALTHOUGH Holy Mother Church, as another Rachel bewailing her children, puts off, on this Feast, the white robes of gladness to mourn in sombre violet, so lovely and sweet are the hymns which she puts on the lips of her ministers that the whole festival seems to be one of joyful rather than of saddened commemoration. Her firstlings of the flock of martyrs sport about the foot of the altar on which they are to be offered up as a testimony to Christ. The tender sucklings at her breast clasp in childish wonder the palms of their everlasting triumph. We can scarce realize that their baptism is one of blood and not of water. The second Adam has brought unto earth a second spring-time. And in the renewing warmth of His orient splendor the earth trembles with unwonted thrills of life, tender sproutings leap up to catch the sunny rays, and the flowers of the Holy Innocents are gathered—a miracle of early sweetness and heavenly perfume! *Salvete, Flores Martyrum!* All hail! ye tender martyr-flowers!

Until the middle of the sixteenth century, the Roman breviary assigned to this Feast no special hymns. Those of Christmas, or of the Common of Martyrs, did duty for the occasion. The hymns we are to comment upon here have

never been adopted by the Carthusians, the Cistercians, or the Dominicans—these verses of the Abecedary of Sedulius being sung instead at Lauds:

Caterva matrum personat
Collisa deflens pignora,
Quorum tyrannus millia
Christo sacravit victimas.

IN MATINS.

Audit tyrannus anxius
Adesse regum Principem,
Qui nomen Israel regat,
Teneatque David regiam.

With terror doth the tyrant hear
The King of kings hath come to dwell
Where David's court shall widely rear
A sceptred reign o'er Israel.

Exclamat amens nuntio:
Successor instat, pellimur:
Satelles, i, ferrum rape:
Purfunde cunas sanguine.

Then cries out, raging, at the word:
"He comes to stand where we have stood:
Hence, soldier, and with ruthless sword
Deluge the cradles deep with blood!"

Quid proficit tantum nefas?
Quid crimen Herodem juvat?
Unus tot inter funera
Impune Christus tollitur.

What profiteth a crime so dread?
What hope shall Herod's bosom sway?
Alone, amidst the thronging dead,
The Christ is safely borne away!

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

To Thee, O Jesus, glory meet—
For our poor sake of virgin born—
And Father, and the Paraclete,
Through endless ages of the morn.
Amen.

The two hymns now in our breviary are selections from the *Cathemerinon* of Prudentius. The *Audit tyrannus anxius* sung at Matins is made up of verses 93–100 and 133–136 of this long Hymn of Prudentius; and the *Salvete, flores martyrum* sung at Lauds, of verses 125–132.

The suggestive and wholly appropriate brevity of these two hymns thus formed reminds us that the festival is one of little children. We shall profit by the suggestion and make our comment brief, like the hymns; of which, would that our comment were worthy!

I.

Audit tyrannus anxius
Adesse regum Principem,
Qui nomen Israel regat,
Teneatque David regiam.

Audiens autem Herodes rex, turbatus est (Matt. ii. 3). The question of the Magi, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" must have profoundly startled Herod, who heard in these very words an express statement of his own constant fears. He had stopped at nothing to secure his tenure of the crown. Josephus tells us that he had put to death all that belonged to the royal house of the Machabees, as well as all who could urge the slightest claim to the royal succession.

Regum Principem—the King of kings and Lord of lords, the *princeps regum terrae* of the Apocalypse (i. 5).

Qui nomen Israel regat.—Ex te enim exiet dux qui regat populum meum Israel (Matt. ii. 6),—a statement of the prophecy slightly different from the words of Micheas: "Out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel" (v. 2).

Teneatque David regiam.—Et dabit illi Dominus Deus sedem David patris ejus (Luke, i. 32).

II.

Exclamat amens nuntio:
Successor instat, pellimur:
Satelles, i, ferrum rape:
Perfunde cunas sanguine.

Nuntio.—Herod is rendered frantic (*amens*) at the "news" brought by the Magi, and cries out, etc.

Perfunde cunas sanguine.—"Although this cruel deed on the part of Herod is passed over in silence by Josephus, it is mentioned by Celsus, against whom Origen wrote (Contra Celsum, Bib. i. n. 48), by Justin, in his Dialogue with Tryphon the Jew. Josephus himself admits that Herod was becoming every day more suspicious and cruel. He slew his son-in-law, Josippus; his beloved wife, Mariamne; his sons, Alexander and Aristobulus; his third son, Antipater. The omission on the part of Josephus cannot be of any weight against the positive testimony of St. Matthew, who described this cruel deed shortly after it occurred. Macrobius also (Lib. ii. Saturnal. c. 10) mentions, among the many witty sayings of Augustus, that on hearing that, together with the children whom Herod killed in Syria from two years old, he ordered his own son Antipater to be put to death (he had already slain Alexander and Aristobulus), Augustus observed, 'it was better to be Herod's *hog* than his *son*,' in allusion to the law among the Jews regarding unclean meats, swine's flesh among the rest" (McEvilly, Comm. on St. Matthew, p. 33).

II.

Quid proficit tantum nefas?
Quid crimen Herodem juvat?
Unus tot inter funera
Impune Christus tollitur.

Well might Herod have paused, before wading through such a sea of blood, to ask himself the question: *Quid pro-*

ficit tantum nefas? His "vaulting ambition" has o'erleaped itself, and his scheme for destroying the Christ has but declared Him. For "there is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord" (Prov. xxi. 30). As in the case of all ambitious men, his terrors fed on every rumor of possible menaces, construed by his madness into real and imminent dangers. His murderous exploits had removed the Machabees and had not stayed even at his own wife and children. Doubtless he was Shakespeare's type for Macbeth (iii. 4):

> "For mine own good
> All causes shall give way: I am in blood
> Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

The text of both is the text of all ambition: "To be thus is nothing: But to be safely thus." (iii. 1.) And still, *Quid proficit tantum nefas?* With what a splendid effect the last two lines of the Hymn shine out against the red background of that sea of blood!

> *Unus tot inter funera*
> *Impune Christus tollitur!*

Christ did not come to dispossess Herod: "My kingdom is not of this world." But Herod, reading with a gross apprehension the prophecies that painted a meek King of Peace, dreaded wars and tumults that should wrench the sceptre from his bloody hand:

> "Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
> And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
> No son of mine succeeding." (*Macbeth*, iii. 1.)

The doxology is that of the Christmas cycle. Another has been attributed to the Hymn by some authors, but has not received the sanction of the Roman usage, which concludes

all the hymns of the Christmas cycle with the one doxology. The suggested "proper" runs:

Sit Trinitati gloria,
Virtus, honor, victoria,
Qui dat coronam testibus
Per sæculorum sæcula.

AT LAUDS.

Salvete, flores martyrum,	All hail! Ye tender martyr-flowers,
Quos lucis ipso in limine	Whose petals scarce did yet unclose,
Christ insecutor sustulit,	When the Christ-seeker spoiled your bowers
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.	As tempests strew the budding rose.
Vos prima Christi victima,	Ye first who for the Saviour died,
Grex immolatorum tener,	Ye tender flocks whom hirelings slay,
Aram sub ipsam simplices	How by the very altar side
Palma et coronis luditis.	With your own palms and wreaths ye play!
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,	To Thee, O Jesus, glory meet,
Qui natus es de Virgine,	Who came to us a Virgin's son;
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,	And Father, and the Paraclete,
In sempiterna sæcula.	The while the endless ages run.
Amen.	Amen.

"Already at Matins the Church has let us assist at the sacreligious massacre of the Innocents, the deplorable fruit of the impious Herod's cruel jealousy; in this hymn for Lauds she calls us to the feet of these sweet victims, together with her to salute them, and to pay them the just tribute of our veneration, before this same altar of the Lamb beneath which the blissful infants are still playing, in so ravishing an artlessness, with their palms and crowns" (Pimont, vol. ii, p. 72).

I.

Salvete flores martyrum,
Quos lucis ipso in limine
Christi insecutor sustulit,
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.

Salvete, flores martyrum.—"Jure dicuntur Martyrum flores, quos in medio frigore infidelitatis exortos, velut primas erumpentes Ecclesiae gemmas, quaedam persecutionis pruina decoxit" (6th Lesson of the Feast).

Lucis ipso in limine.—"Incipientis vitae primordiis" (ibid.) refers to their age, and might explain the verse in the hymn, *lux* in this case being *life*. A mystical interpretation has been offered, making lux=Christ: *i. e.*, the phrase would then mean *in the beginning of Christ's earthly life*. The elision in this line sounded harsh to the ears of some critics, and the Parisian breviary changed that line and the following one into

In lucis ipso limine,
Quos saevus ensis messuit.

The improvement in rhythm was accompanied, however, with an ambiguity in meaning, arising out of the fact that *lux* may be taken for *life* or for *Christ*, and the new arrangement of the stanza seems to insist rather on the mystical than on the ordinary (and more probably correct) interpretation of *lux* as *life*.

II.

Vos prima Christi victima,
Grex immolatorum tener,
Aram sub ipsam simplices
Palma et coronis luditis.

Aram sub ipsam.—"Vidi subtus altare animas interfectorum propter verbum Dei, et propter testimonium quod habebant" (Apoc. vi. 9). The original text of Prudentius

probably was: Aram ante ipsam simplices—a reading indicated by the best mss., but rejected in favor of the present reading, this latter recalling so strongly the picture drawn by St. John. The change was suggested by commentators of the sixteenth century, and embodied in the corrected Roman Breviary.

Palma et coronis luditis.—The beauty and fine appropriateness of this image surely needs not the ponderous comment bestowed upon it by many annotators of the hymn. He would be a Peter Bell who should need such help, and he must be a Schoolmaster who should attempt to give it.

So sweet are these two hymns, that in their fragrance we are almost apt to lose the recollection of the dreadful scene they commemorate. And yet, "Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremias the prophet, saying: *A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not*" (Matt. ii. 17, 18). The little children are to give their testimony to the Christ-child, *non loquendo sed moriendo* (Prayer of the Feast), but in reward for their sufferings they are to stand forever before the Lamb that was slain, clothed in white robes and with palms in their hands, as the Apocalypse describes the Martyrs in Heaven. It is the art of the Poet to turn our gaze away from the trial to the triumph, and he succeeds. Did he borrow the happy suggestion from the joy of Yuletide, or from the consoling words of Jeremias? For

> "Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
> Do break the clouds . . .
> At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen,"—

to quote Shakespeare again (K. Hen. V, iii. 5)—the prophet who announced the tragedy turns the mind immediately away from the sadness of combat to the joy of victory: "Thus saith the Lord: Let thy voice cease from weeping, and thy eyes from tears: for there is a reward for thy work, saith the Lord: and they shall return out of the land of the

enemy" (Jer. xxxi. 16). They have indeed gone out of the land of the enemy into that of their Father; and we who still remain look up to them with streaming eyes and loving hearts, uttering prayer as well as praise,—*Orate!* with *Salvete!*

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THE PASTOR'S CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

(PROVIDING READING-MATTER FOR THEM.)

I.

IN one of the ecclesiastical Constitutions of the time of Charlemagne, which treats of the education of children, priests are directed to take special care of that portion of their young flock which is quaintly designated as *Pueri legentes*, *i. e.* boys who practice the art of reading. "Ministri altaris Dei . . . , non solum servilis conditionis infantes sed etiam ingenuorum filios aggregent sibique socient, . . ut scholae legentium puerorum fiant."[1] Priests, as ministers of the Altar of God, were bidden to keep under their constant observation the children of both the poor and the wealthy, and to direct them in acquiring the habit of reading. Of course the term "pueri legentes" may have had a wider meaning, so as to comprise other branches of a rudimental education given by the Celtic monks to the Saxon converts at that early epoch of Christian civilization. In any case, the ordinance shows in what light the Church regarded the culture of the juvenile mind long ere the art of printing

1 Hartzheim, I, 282; A. D. 789. Cf. Amberger Pastoral. Theol. III, 326.

had forced upon the youthful citizen the necessity of learning how to read. Since then it has become a duty of self-defence for the educator to check and direct the indiscriminate reading propensity to which youth is prone.

We need only examine the Constitutions and Encyclicals issued under the last four Popes to be struck with the prominence which is given in these authoritative utterances to the topic "De malis libris."[1] The Acts and Decrees of both the Second and Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore are replete with ordinances and suggestions "De Libris et Ephemeridibus,"[2] which state in many forms the one emphatic fact, that it is the sacred duty of pastors and those who share their responsibility, to provide and to watch over the reading matter which passes into the homes of Catholics, and above all, into the hands of the lambs in the flock.

But leaving aside the question of duty and responsibility, because it is apt to irritate those who need most to be reminded of it, let us view the subject for a moment from a purely utilitarian point.

It is well known that the child is impressionable. It is also the common experience that the child is a dominant power in the family. "Athens is ruled by Themistocles—who is ruled by his wife—who is ruled by her child. Thus Themistocles is subject to his son." The impressionable child swaying the humors and anxieties of the parental circle, is in time to be the support of that institution, which, by Divine appointment, is to lay the foundation of its most sacred convictions, namely, the Church. Thus it happens in logical order that the lessons which impress the child, and which determine the character of its influence on the home-circle, are sure in later years to become the mainsprings of that Catholic activity upon which the life of faith in a parish depends.

1 Const. *Mirari* 15 Aug., 1832; Alloc. 20 Apr., 1849; Congr. Ind. 24 Aug., 1864; Apost. Const. 12 Feb., 1866; Alloc. 22 Feb., 1879; Encycl. 15 Feb., 1882.

2 Tit. XI Conc. Plenar. Sec. Balt. Tit. VII, cap. IV, Conc. Plenar. Tert. Balt.

These lessons, in whatever way they are inculcated, can be made permanent, in these days of universal letters, by only one method, and that is a properly directed habit of reading good literature. I shall explain later on what I mean by "good literature." For the present I wish to emphasize merely the wisdom of securing, by the cultivation among children of a taste for good reading, the well-being of a parish, and a good after-growth, factors in regard to which only the most selfish hireling among the clergy could feel wholly indifferent.

A taste for good reading is cultivated in children, first of all, by providing them with attractive and wholesome books; secondly, by properly urging and watching over the use which they make of such books. Of course this requires some outlay of money, and it also may occupy some of the time which we are naturally desirous to use for self-improvement. As to the cost of a good assortment of books for the children of the parish, let me say that it is very much less than the price of a church steeple, or a handsome portico such as grace many parish houses in the city—and that the investment is infinitely more important and valuable to both priest and people.

If, on the other hand, we cannot find the time to superintend the work of conducting a library for the children and lead them to attain the habit of reading, we can surely find some intelligent and educated person who would willingly second our efforts and supply our place. There are, first of all, the teachers; and if they fail, others, who possess the requisite qualifications and need only be encouraged, are ready to devote themselves to a work at once interesting to an intelligent person, and full of usefulness in many directions.

Having obtained a good collection of books suitable for children, we have already opened the gate which leads directly toward fostering a taste for good reading. Nevertheless, books which give us something to read, even though the matter be good, do not necessarily create an attraction for reading. There are three principal hindrances to the

cultivation of taste for and enjoyment of really good literature. The first of these is the fact that "good" books are often unattractive in their way of presenting the good. The choicest morsel, if presented to us raw, or if toasted in a dust-pan, might fail to whet a healthy appetite. Next we have to cope with the fact that there are everywhere around the child abundant attractions in the form of bad or dangerous books. These naturally engage the curious mind of the child, and thus force us to a defensive as well as protective method of guarding the young intelligence. Finally, there is a lack of capable coöperation on the part of a naturally large number of Catholic parents which proves a strong obstacle to cultivating the habit of good reading in their children. I say "a naturally large number of Catholic parents" because it is well understood that the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor, the illiterate and the neglected of society, who are not in condition to supplement any effort in behalf of intellectual training for their offspring.

It behooves the clergy to remove these obstacles. How can the priest weaken the influence of evil books which are thrust in the way of the young at every turn? How can he make good Catholic books attractive for the child?

II.

The attractions of a corrupting literature are, like other sensual amusements, a danger to the child only when there is no restraining influence which at the same time engages the sense of curiosity and inquiry belonging to the young soul.

To preach "Don'ts" to the child is for the most part useless. The influence which directs the growing intellect must be positive and continuous. But how is this possible where the aid of home training is wanting, as in many families of the working classes? I answer: if we cannot enable parents to instruct their children in what they should read and what they should avoid, we can at least warn them,

and advise where that instruction can and should be obtained. There is no mother of those who come under the influence of a Catholic priest, that cannot be taught the danger of bad or indiscriminate reading for her child. If she cannot direct the child in the use of good books, she can be taught where to go to find them, and she will yield to such teaching with the same instinct which directs her in seeking bread and not serpents with which to feed her hungry boy. One of the saddest neglects of opportunities for good in the pastoral care is the neglect of societies of "Christian Mothers." There all the mischief of mixed marriages, of false liberalism in education, of family feuds, and of the ravages of intemperance, which make desolate a thousand homes within our reach, can be anticipated. We drum together the women of the parish when we want to raise money through a fair or a picnic—why, these good women would save us all the trouble and supply much more help, temporal and spiritual, if we brought them together systematically and made them feel that supernatural motives, rather than the importunities of the priest, are the strong lever of all that may be done for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The Christian mothers will keep out of their houses corrupting books, papers and pictures; they will consult with the pastor or those to whom he may commit the charge, what papers, what books to get. In our large cities the "St. Vincent de Paul Society" could easily be made a channel for giving such information and even for supplying the need just as it supplies groceries and clothing. Is it too expensive? We ask no such questions when we build the church or the parish house, so long as the advantage of a convenience or an ornament is plain against a few hundred or even thousand dollars of cost. A modest church edifice which shelters a living temple of Christians within—who are proud of their devoted pastor, and who are themselves the best ornament and proof of his zeal—is a thousand times more admirable in the eyes of God and men than a palatial pile where a dull routine of official labor supersedes what should be the tender care of a pastor for the younglings of his flock.

Of course, the school is an almost essential factor to carrying out such work as would be proposed in the conferences given to the "Christian Mothers'" society. Where the pastor and teachers co-operate with each other, there methods of directing the reading-habit of the school children are easily found.

III.

Next to the attention due to the home and to the school, our efforts must be directed towards encouraging the producers of good books. They embrace two classes of very distinct workers, viz., authors who make what may be called the inside of books, and the publishers who make the outside and place the volumes on sale. Neither of these two classes can be expected to serve us unless we treat them with justice and meet them on reasonable terms half-way. This is not so frequently done as one would imagine. Complaints with regard to many Catholic books are that they are dull, sentimental, over-pious, lacking originality and spice, in short, that they cannot compare in general interest with the literary productions from non-Catholic sources of the present day. As to the publishers, we charge them with making books of inferior workmanship, cheap material, poor taste, and—of abnormally high prices. In the article on the "Publishers' View," the reader will find some answer to the last-mentioned charges, which, if they are partially true, are none the less based on good reasons; and, I may add, that it is in the power of the clergy, much more than in that of the booksellers, to remove these causes.

As for the complaints regarding the inferiority of Catholic authorship, let us measure their worth by the standard which we have a right to exact. The literary world has its idols. Some of these owe their title to merits which are permanent and inborn; they are above the caprices of individuals or cliques and the changing tastes of particular periods. Others are artificial and ephemeral; they are simply the fashion for a time and deserve attention so far as they happen to be the actual topics of admiration and discussion in society. The

latter are, or ought to be, of no value in education, whilst the former are, and will ever be, *few*. It is, therefore, unreasonable to expect that the bulk of Catholic writers should be capable of rivaling either the one or the other of these two standards. It ought to be quite a satisfaction to us that we may count among first-class authors most of those elevated religious minds who teach our children the true worth of morality. The sensational fiction of a day we can well dispense with. Not so, however, with a large store of literature which, whilst not equal in form or ideal conception to the best works of the literary art, are, nevertheless, rightly instructive and capable of engaging the childish imagination in behalf of what is true and beautiful according to the highest wisdom of Christian teaching. Our zeal for modernizing makes us far too exacting, and we cast aside as chaff the grain which still nourishes, although it may not be of the richest or the latest production of the field. The freshest is not always the most healthful, despite the fact that the new theory insists upon its being so. Let us be glad to hold on to the good old store of Catholic books and welcome their simple and at times inferior diction for the sound food which they furnish to the mind and the heart. Exact grammar and exalted expression, though very desirable features of a nineteenth century education, are not the elements which educate or even refine; they make the child neither thoughtful nor moral, nor give him that true gentleness of conduct which is the highest aim of social life, but which is best supplied by a true, broad and intelligent, that is to say, Christian charity.

If there be any fault to find with Catholic writers of to-day it is precisely with those who affect a "breezy," "dashy," spirit, aiming at being "up to the times," with themes that lose their characteristic beauty by being subjected to a charlatan method of treatment. The essential melody of things cannot be expressed by every kind of instrument. This is true not only of elevated topics, but of many which are domestic. We don't choose bones or kettle-drums or jew's-harps to give persons an adequate idea of the sweet melody of some of the

negro plantation songs any more than we use such instruments to illustrate Beethoven's "motives."

Besides the well-known standard books for children which have the approbation of every pure-minded and truth-loving educator, we have good reason to recommend everything from a Catholic source *which satisfies to any degree and simultaneously* the following three requirements:

1. That it be instructive;
2. That it be elevating;
3. That it be interestingly told.

Instruction is what the child craves and what it needs. It is an error to assume that a child wants only pretty things as an aid to instruction. Quite the contrary. Watch the child during a journey on a railway or on a walk through the street. It will ask about everything it sees. It finds attractive and goes into wonderment over that which has not the slightest importance for the grown person. Everything *new* to it is attractive. Its perpetual phrases are: "Mamma, look!"—"Papa, why is this, why is that?" It does not want to be amused so much as it wants to know.

Our point of view in choosing reading for the child is determined, therefore, in the first place, by the fact that the child needs and wishes to be instructed. Of course the field is necessarily limited. Everything new will, as we have said, prove attractive. What we have to consider is that that which is novel be also *true* and really *useful* for the child. Of the various truths, those in the moral order are most important, since the child lives for a definite supernatural end, although it reaches forward to that end through the natural life. Catholic educators know where to find truth, free from doubt, although not always free from difficulty.

But what is *useful* for the child? Truth sometimes is not; that is, when there is a lack of proportion between the kind or amount given and the quality and capacity of the receptive faculty. You may injure a man who famishes with thirst by giving him water—either too much at a time or in a form that he cannot assimilate, over-heated or iced. Now, what is useful to the child is truth *which it can compre-*

hend and which at the same time *elevates* it. Elevation is the very purpose and synonym of the child's growth. It is to be raised for heaven. This can never be lawfully lost sight of. Every truth, therefore, which does not at the same time elevate the child is by itself valueless to it and may injure it by misdirecting its desires and aims towards mere earthly objects.

What is it that elevates? *Natural* truth—a first step; *supernatural* truth, a second and final step. But natural truth, when it becomes a stepping-stone to supernatural truth, and so far as the mind apprehends it as the reflection of eternal Beauty, its first cause, is essentially attractive—most of all to the child whose perceptive faculties have not been dulled by sin, that is, by an abuse of natural gifts.

This brings us to the third requisite of literature for children—to wit, that the truth which is at the same time elevating be set forth in a manner *interesting* to the child.

I have already said that children are interested in anything which is novel. We need not then seek so much for themes which will attract their imagination, as rather for a manner in which to place before them what is new so that they can understand it. This understanding is not quite what we mean by it in grown people. The child understands by means of its feelings and of its senses. Love and even liking are wonderful interpreters. The mother needs no pedagogical training to impress her desires upon the child by a look, a silent motion of the head or hand. Miss Repplier in her brief but practical paper on "Poetry for Children" shows how the young mind discerns what is beautiful, quite apart from any schooling in the requirements of prosody. I am sure that if we could catch, at times, and crystallize the wordless rhythm which the childish voice hums to itself at an age when it is capable to take in the beauty of natural things, we should discover the form of the sonnet (as built on natural cadences) more frequently than we suspect. Hence to be natural with the child is to be interesting. Herein lies the success of Father Finn's stories. His books are liked by girls quite as well as by boys. They are natural,

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But what is *useful* for the child? Truth sometimes is not; that is, when there is a lack of proportion between the kind or amount given and the quality and capacity of the receptive faculty. You may injure a man who famishes with thirst by giving him water—either too much at a time or in a form that he cannot assimilate, over-heated or iced. Now, what is useful to the child is truth *which it can compre-*

hend and which at the same time *elevates* it. Elevation is the very purpose and synonym of the child's growth. It is to be raised for heaven. This can never be lawfully lost sight of. Every truth, therefore, which does not at the same time elevate the child is by itself valueless to it and may injure it by misdirecting its desires and aims towards mere earthly objects.

What is it that elevates? *Natural* truth—a first step; *supernatural* truth, a second and final step. But natural truth, when it becomes a stepping-stone to supernatural truth, and so far as the mind apprehends it as the reflection of eternal Beauty, its first cause, is essentially attractive—most of all to the child whose perceptive faculties have not been dulled by sin, that is, by an abuse of natural gifts.

This brings us to the third requisite of literature for children—to wit, that the truth which is at the same time elevating be set forth in a manner *interesting* to the child.

I have already said that children are interested in anything which is novel. We need not then seek so much for themes which will attract their imagination, as rather for a manner in which to place before them what is new so that they can understand it. This understanding is not quite what we mean by it in grown people. The child understands by means of its feelings and of its senses. Love and even liking are wonderful interpreters. The mother needs no pedagogical training to impress her desires upon the child by a look, a silent motion of the head or hand. Miss Repplier in her brief but practical paper on "Poetry for Children" shows how the young mind discerns what is beautiful, quite apart from any schooling in the requirements of prosody. I am sure that if we could catch, at times, and crystallize the wordless rhythm which the childish voice hums to itself at an age when it is capable to take in the beauty of natural things, we should discover the form of the sonnet (as built on natural cadences) more frequently than we suspect. Hence to be natural with the child is to be interesting. Herein lies the success of Father Finn's stories. His books are liked by girls quite as well as by boys. They are natural,

and to describe them as they are needs no exciting elements to tempt the imagination.

To come then to a practical conclusion—we priests, who are responsible for the souls of our flock, and who can best save it by taking good care of the children, have a solemn duty to encourage Catholic writers and Catholic publishers. If they are not always up to the highest standard, let us be satisfied with a *good* standard. Let us make it possible for them to be better. This is not done by general denunciations. We are to build, not to tear down; and we should be thankful for the help given us by all who profess and sincerely desire to further Catholic truth. If we would know what is good and what is better, let us read. There are admirable gems of Catholic literature in magazines such as the *Ave Maria*, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and others. It is not humiliating to read things supposed to be written for the young. The wisest and noblest men find their best recreation in intercourse with children. And if it at the same time enables us to form a just judgment as to the value of such reading for our flock, we shall have attained the double end of feeding our own hearts and those of the most hopeful portion of the Church.

THE NEED OF JUVENILE CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

IS there really a need for books written especially for Catholic boys and girls? To this question many good men and women answer with a decided "No." On the other side the great majority of Catholics who think for themselves are as vehement and positive in stating that there is such a need.

It is superfluous to say that on this question, I go with the majority. Before, however, setting down my reasons for believing in the existence of such a need, it may be well to lop off from the main trunk of the discussion an intrusive branch, which, while casting its shadow over the entire question, really has nothing to do with it.

The inquiry, "Do story books effect more harm than good," does not belong to the present subject; for we are confronted with a condition, not a theory. It may be, as some would have it, that there should be no fiction at all; it may be that a primrose should ever be to us a primrose and nothing more; it may be that it would be much better for our health in particular, and infinitely better for ourselves in general, if our hearts were *not* to leap up when we see a rainbow in the sky; it may be that the Creator gave us that wondrous faculty, the imagination, for the sake of suppressing it in many of its highest reaches. Without entering, then, into the question whether fiction is rather an evil than a blessing, and merely observing that if fiction be condemned to death, poetry, by virtue of the same indictment, will be imprisoned for life, I can safely assert that this particular point does not enter into the field of our inquiry: it belongs to theory.

The facts which stare us in the face are that here and now at the end of this nineteenth century, our children are readers of fiction; that within the last forty years, men and women of ability have devoted their pens to the service of the young; that these books thus written have an enormous circulation; that besides these writers of ability, there have also swarmed into the literary fields a horde of cheap, vulgar

scribblers, whose stories of adventure, retailing at a cost which brings them into the hands of millions, are a perpetual menace and temptation to the little ones of Christ; that, while so many writers, some good, others bad, have devoted their energies to creating juvenile literature, the number of those—up to the last decade—who wrote especially for our English-speaking Catholic children has been pitifully small.

Now, whatever men and women beyond the prime of life may say about their reading of their childhood's days, we of a younger generation are in a position to know that a great change, both in the quantity and the quality of reading for the young has "arrived." Children of to-day, as a class, are greater readers, and children, as a class, now read Oliver Optic, Harry Castleman, Kirk Monroe, and the *St. Nicholas*, where the generation before them read the "Scottish Chiefs," "Sanford and Merton," the "Children of the Abbey," and the stories of Miss Edgeworth. If we go back a few decades we shall come upon times when, outside the classics of the school-room, boys and girls read very little of what is called fiction. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Society of Jesus made much of plays in their schools. "The Play; the play is the thing," seems to have been their college cry. I am inclined to think that for those times the plays occupied the field now taken by the story-book.

Whether the use of plays is a better thing than the reading of story-books; whether the reading of a few romances like the "Scottish Chiefs" is preferable to much reading of Castleman, Optic, Alger, *et id genus omne*, is again a discussion irrelevant to the matter in hand. We cannot turn the world back. We must be satisfied with learning the course of events, and, accepting that course, in so far as it is inevitable, we must try to shape it for the best.

If any one doubt the love which children have for juvenile literature, of the kind which the writers referred to are producing, let him step into a public library of a Saturday and watch the children as they come and go; even a "doubting Thomas" would depart convinced.

Here, then, is the "condition;" the English-speaking world is flooded with juveniles; those for whom this inundation is caused are caught in the waters—are, one might say, willing victims. From the poor little street boy, God help him, who devours the five-cent novel, in which everybody is killed except the hero, to the refined child who reads with innocent pleasure "Little Women," all our children read, and, what is more, read by preference juvenile literature. Practically speaking, this fact cannot be changed; but it may be shaped. If we wish, we may fold our arms, and let things "gang their ain gait," or we may awaken to activity and show in long and heavy articles how pernicious it is for children to read Oliver Optic. Of course, the children will not read these articles, and they are quite right. I often think, not without sorrow, that the amount of time and study and energy, given for the purpose of warning our children what *not* to read, would, if judiciously directed, have already put our Catholic young people in possession of a very fine library. No child wants any more "don'ts" than he gets perforce, in the wear and tear of early life. The "don't" writers, while doing some good, are for the most part beating the air.

Again, instead of folding our arms, or instead of screaming at our boys and girls to inform them what grass they are to keep off, without showing them some blessed green, where they are to be in full possession, we may direct our energies towards finding out what good books there are for our little ones, and, if it be in our power, of providing them with additional reading.

We, who have spent our lives among Catholic boys or Catholic girls, know what lovely traits are to be found amongst them. We know that modesty, purity, truth, candor, courage and other virtues are developed, thank God, wherever the patient, devoted sister, or the zealous Christian brother has established a school, an academy, or a college. If we have read Oliver Optic's books—and who of us that have been in our teens since the early seventies, has not?—we may love and admire that good man for what he has

done, while, without blaming him, we must deplore what he and his fellow writers have left undone. Their good boys are, as a rule, machine made. Their goodness, like their heroism, comes from without, and not from within. They neither smoke, nor chew, neither do they swear. They read their bibles daily. When they stop the runaway horse, or rescue the millionaire's daughter, or save the ship after the captain of fifty years' service has given it up,[1] they modestly observe, on being thanked, that they have merely done their duty. But where is the Supernatural? Abstinence from chewing, swearing and smoking make a boy respectable. A young heathen might attain to this sublime height, and, according to our authors, were the young heathen, furthermore, to read his Testament, there would be nothing wanting. As to the invariable remark of the hero consequent upon life-saving, ship-saving and other wonderful feats, it is untrue to life, and generally untrue to fact. If a boy is brave enough to risk his life for the sake of the first young lady who happens to need his help, we may be sure that he has done something, which, with but few exceptions, is, strictly speaking, not his duty at all.

We, who are Catholics, expect something more than outward respectability, or, as in the case of Alger's stories, rough honesty or courage from our young heroes. We have a right to demand that the supernatural element should pervade the character of the boy or the girl whom we delight to honor, and in proposing such heroes we need not depart from real life. As a teacher, a prefect, a priest, I have watched and studied boys; and my experience has been the same as that of many others engaged in the same work, namely; that the love of virtue, the hatred of sin, self-denial and prayer, go hand in hand with the fun and frolic and adventure which make the boy's life so blessedly sunny. Is it wonderful, then, that we attempt to put on paper the heroes who are of our own belief, of our own practice,—

1 In Mr. Henty's books boys of fourteen do even greater wonders than these.

youthful characters, who in the promise are of truest heroic mould?

If we attach so much importance to the proper education of the young, are we not purblind to let their reading be furnished by those who set up a lower ideal? All boys and girls are idealists, hence their love for heroic adventure, no matter how improbable. Give them a hero and they follow him blindly. The hero may be a vulgar detective, or a disreputable slayer of Indians, or a sweet Agnes, or a noble Tarcisius; but if the author have any art, he can easily gain the affection of the young for his creations. Hence we have children in real life who think the detective's existence the *Summum bonum*; others whose highest ambition it is to go West and shoot Indians; others who with Agnes would choose Christ as their best beloved; others who, like little Tarcisius, regard the Tabernacle, with its Sacred Guest, as the loveliest thing in this beautiful world. Fabiola, I dare say, has done more to elevate and refine our Catholic children than all the writings of all the writers who have ever put up their innumerable sign-posts warning our tender youths "Keep off the Grass."

And Fabiola itself shows the need we have of Catholic literature for our young. A boy can't read Fabiola forever. He is a literary Oliver Twist; or rather he becomes an Oliver Twist; for, if we cannot supply him, he goes to the poor-house, that is, he turns to non-Catholic authors, and asks for more. Of course, I do not wish to say that Fabiola is the only book in the field. With Dr. Egan, Miss Brunowe, Miss Crowley, Mrs. Bonesteel, Miss Dorsey, Miss Sadlier, and a number of others, we have something to go on; but, in comparison with the large output for purely Protestant readers, ours is but as the penny-worth of bread to the pound of sack.

Besides giving our young people high and noble ideals, the publishing of books for the young is needed here and in England for a reason which may not exist in certain countries. We live in a Protestant or, more correctly, an un-Catholic atmosphere, our children drink in non-Catholic sentiments without knowing it. The Catholic school-room corrects this

to a degree; the Catholic book, and the Catholic home must do the rest.

In a word, Catholic stories for the young are, under present conditions, of the utmost importance, inasmuch as they supplement the training at school and at home; inasmuch as they divert our young people from dangerous, or at least useless literary channels; inasmuch as they furnish God's beloved little ones with high ideals, which are received into minds the most plastic, the most open, the most sympathetic.

FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC JUVENILE FICTION.

WHAT WE CAN SUPPLY.

"MY young friend, Catholic books, Catholic publishers, are 'no go'; take my advice and write for those devilish houses, . . . but—don't write devilishly."

The old man shook his great, leonine head, brought his fist emphatically down upon the desk in front of him, and peered half quizzically, but wholly kindly, over his glasses at the somewhat disconcerted young specimen of would-be author before him.

"But—but why, then, do you conduct a Catholic publishing house?" stammered the young writer.

"Prayer-books! prayer-books! prayer-books! pirated editions of foreign devotional works, beads, scapulars and holy pictures—that's what keeps us up and doing," was the answer. "Go to Savoy and write some dribble about the

'little Savoyard,' have it brought out by a French publisher; perhaps *then* we may do you the honor of stealing it."

"And you think there is no future for Catholic American fiction?"

"None, absolutely none." The publisher's tone was final. Still there was a something in the manner of the old man which tempered the aggressive spirit of the youth, within whose soul the firm conviction that there *was* to be a future for Catholic American juvenile literature only grew and intensified. Being, however, in a mood more amenable to common sense, the aspiring author lent an ear to the words of experience. Condensed, this was their import:

1st. The utter absence of even a fair-sized reading Catholic public.

2d. The apathy as to the style and merit of Catholic books among the small percentage who do read.

3d. What has been aptly termed "the premium nuisance." Colleges and convents preach and teach and inculcate all the year round the beauty and necessity of high literary standards. The distribution season arrives: how do they buy? Why, my dear sir, "in *chunks*." *What* do they buy? Anything salable in "chunks," marked books, adorned with utterly irrelevant holy pictures, bound in the flimsiest and cheapest of boards, beautified (?) by splashes of gilding upon flaring red or blue backgrounds. The holy pictures and the gilding, and the thickness and above all the *cheapness*, invariably decide the ultimate selection.

4th. The utter absence of sentiment in the Catholic publisher. He is made of the ordinary clay; he is a good deal like other publishers; he enters the business *to make money*. When very young he, too, may have had his ideals; the probability is that he had not. At all events, it must have ultimately come to a choice between ideals and "bread and butter." In such a case "bread and butter" usually wins.

5th. The cheapness in the reproduction of foreign and pirated editions as compared to the expense of issuing new books. . . .

Of course it was common sense, utterly common, but hard, logical sense all the same, as the poor author felt. What on earth was the use of writing a book which nobody would read, which no publisher would put upon the market? Catholic American children in fiction were not wanted by Catholic American children in real life. The publisher, the very pulse of the reading public, had so declared. The youth mentally reviewed the work of the day, the early morning start with hopes high and manuscript thrust safely into a capacious pocket, the varying receptions at the hands of the different publishers already visited. In one establishment where they called themselves "Catholic Publishers," he improved his time while waiting to be admitted to the presence of the great man by examining catalogues in which "Assorted Saints, $1.00 a pack," were offered for sale. "Biscuit" statues and rosaries and prayer-books also seemed to be "assorted," but—*nothing else.* He wondered what the sign "Publisher" over the entrance meant."

Of course, he and his wares had been "shown the door" in short order.

The next experience was a little more normal. The proprietor was not seeable, but an alert, gentlemanly individual, who introduced himself as his "manager" was. He cautiously admitted that there *might* possibly be a future for Catholic American juvenile literature. He had not much hope of it, but it might come—"when you and I are in our graves, sir, in our graves." Appealed to in a chivalric sense "would not he be the pioneer in such a work?"—he hemmed and hawed and said he might possibly think about that, fingered the manuscript, without, however, making any attempt to examine it, eyed the young man over critically, and then said abruptly: "How much have you in bank?"

The answer instantly decided the fate of the poor MS. It was dropped like a hot coal.

"Nothing!—and you expect to get a book—a Catholic American book published, sir? Why we couldn't look at it, much less promise to handle it for a cent under $500."

The unfortunate youth left in a mixed glow of amazement and indignation. This was a possibility his verdant brain had not even contemplated.

In the third the head of the establishment was at home and to be seen in his private sanctum, which consisted of a chair and a desk somewhere back in the dim recesses of the dingy store. With difficulty another chair was found, and then the author sat down. It had only three legs, but by careful balancing temporary safety was possible.

"And so you want to publish a book?" began the man of books when his visitor had explained himself briefly. His keen business glance meanwhile took in every detail of the figure before him, especially its callow, unmistakable youth. "Well, what is it about?"

The author designated it as "a true picture of Catholic American boy and girl life."

"Hm!"—the publisher stuck his pen in his hair, lolled back in his chair, which creaked ominously, thrust his thumbs into his vest pockets, and stared into vacancy. "Hm! they're all good—angelic, of course?"

"No, some of them are decidedly bad," was the vigorous answer.

"Young man, you've come to the wrong shop—we don't publish bad books."

"I'll bid you good-day, sir," said the author, rising in dudgeon; but the publisher's eyes restrained him.

"Easy, now, easy a bit," said the latter softly. "A true picture of Catholic American boy and girl life"—"somehow I like that," meditatively. Then on a sudden, with a return to business alertness:

"How many pages would it make?"

This was a poser only to be settled by the exhibition of the manuscript. The practised eye of the publishing man decided in a moment.

"— 350 pages, sell for 38½ cents net in quantities. Yes, would make a nice thick volume: with a pious picture in front, a liberable supply of gold paint and bright colors outside it would perhaps fill the bill."

"But the inside," began the author.

"Oh, the inside, the inside—never mind about that," rejoined the mighty man with a lofty wave of his hand; "anything will do for the inside as long as it's American. If the youngsters are too bad, just point out the pages where their worst parts come in, and we'll fix it up on the margin with an extra supply of little angels. Of course," he added, thoughtfully, "I wouldn't dare to take this flight from the time-honored good little boys and girls if it wasn't for some particularly fine customers I have. They're nuns, and they conduct a number of high-class academies and seminaries. Amongst them I have an immense premium trade, and between ourselves, my friend, these ladies have gotten very troublesome lately. They examine the *insides* of the goods I send them, and they've been complaining because the insides are mostly foreign—translations, of course—and now they're clamoring for American insides."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated the youth, with such unmistakable fervor that the publisher stared.

"American insides are very expensive," was his next and extremely tentative remark.

What could his caller do but signify a mute assent? This he did do.

"It would be a good idea for you to share the expense of publication."

The author "did not think so." In fact, he knew it was out of the question, and besides, he thought it unjust.

"I supply the brains, sir,—'the insides,' as you call it"—this a bit sarcastically.

"And I supply the money. Hm! I see; rather one-sided arrangement."

Bang! crash! went another air-castle. They had been tumbling about the poor lad in quantities since he encountered the enterprising publisher (?) who sold "assorted saints at $1.00 a pack." The invidious comparison between brains and money demolished a particularly beautiful one. Being endowed with the artistic sense he lacked somewhat the hard-headed American appreciation of commercial values.

The poetical temperament was also too much in evidence. No amount of mere money could ever be any equivalent for that which was in that precious MS. packet! He had been tutored, however, by well-meaning if somewhat inexperienced advisers.

"Insist upon a lump sum down," counseled these wiseacres, a ten per cent. royalty on every copy *printed*, whether it is sold or not, and a sworn semi-annual statement."

He had it all written out on a piece of paper—in such details he did not dare to trust his memory—this document he now silently handed to the publisher.

The latter read it slowly, carefully, once, twice, then he placed it on the desk before him, and with one leg over the other "nursed his knee" for a moment or two while he surveyed the youth. The other felt himself growing hot under the unpleasant scrutiny; his indignation was also growing apace. Prudence, however, fortunately restrained his tongue. He savagely gnawed an incipient moustache and *waited.*

Then the man of business spoke. "How much?" he inquired, laconically, indicating with a motion of his thumb the paper scrap of contention—"how much would you take for it?"

"My terms are there," said the author, stiffly, uncomprehendingly.

The other smiled a smile of condescending pity. "I have," he remarked slowly, "one hobby; it is the collection of curiosities of *all* kinds. I'll give you $5.00 for this one."

The youth started to his feet, down went the three-legged chair with a clatter, away went author, MS. and deed of terms! Ye gods! and little fishes!—so *that* was a publisher!

Our novice traversed ten blocks almost on a run, then ten back again. The fresh air proved a good tonic. Then he walked three times past the next publishing house down on his list before he felt that he had pulled himself together enough to enter. Here a statement of his views and desires had called forth the comically given piece of advice with which our sketch opens.

The old publisher in this case was bluff almost to the point of gruffness, but he was honest and kindly withal, and if incredulous, not without a certain indefinable sympathy. The "common-sense" with which he favored the youth before him was not without its effect. Still the latter's faith had not been utterly shaken. He was young, it is true, but because he was young his were "the ideal aspirations, the ardent efforts, the bright dreams, the high resolves and enthusiasms which constitute the glory of the vision of youth, and the loveliest prerogative."

As a child and growing lad he had felt a *want*, indefinable at first, but gradually shaping itself into a definite idea. In his readings (and like the youth of the present generation he was an omnivorous reader) he had met childhood and youth of many periods and many climes. History, biography, romance, poetry—all "was grist which came to his mill," with the one exception of distinctly Catholic stories. From those that happened in his way, even his childish soul revolted.

Invariably they consisted of imperfect translations of foreign (chiefly French) tales of appallingly, supernaturally good beings called children. Had not the authors distinctly stated that they were *children*, his readers might have sometimes been in the quandary of the admirer of things artistic, who knew that his friend, the animal painter, had executed —a work of art certainly—but who fortunately was saved from an indiscreet question as to its exact character by the timely discovery of the inscription: "*This is a donkey*" placed beneath it.

In early childhood it is the popular belief that very good children turn into angels when they die. In these books it goes without saying, that the "goodest" children invariably died, and promptly turned into angels. It was, of course, a very irreverent thought, but it *would* come to the boy reader: "What an uncomfortable place heaven must be if so peopled."

The second, third and fourth "best good" ones grew up, and were rewarded by being turned into Counts, Marquises,

Lords or Barons, or, perhaps, trusted servants of the same. The bad ones (if any), when not miraculously converted, were usually dismissed in short order. They went to hell on a run, or, if their creator, more bold than others of his ilk, did allow them to grow up once in a while, it was hinted that their after deeds were too gruesome to be related in public society. Just here, perhaps, the young readers were guilty of wishing that polite society were not so polite, or at least that they themselves belonged to a society in which it were permissible to tell more fully of these deeds so alluringly hinted at.

Now the American boy breathes in with his native air a sturdy spirit of fearlessness, independence and downright honesty. Inanities of any kind do not naturally appeal to him. He may be inclined to be too practical; at all events he hates shams. The idea of growing up to be a Lord or Marquis *does not* appeal to his Americanism; to be *anyone's* "trusted servant" still less. As to the small creatures who openly desire to "shuffle off this mortal coil," and become angels, well—the less said about them the better. They generally either need the doctor, if their hypocondriacal malady be genuine, if not—a sound, old-fashioned thrashing. Rarely, however, does a child openly express a desire to be a little demon, though practical proof of natural tendencies that way may frequently be given. But deep within the heart and soul of the average, normal, healthy child, dwells a beautiful, high ideal towards which, properly directed, the young energies are ever tending.

"We needs *must* love the highest when we *see* it."

And early childhood's vision is very clear. The pure young souls glowing with the waters of baptism, *see* that which is too often obscured by worldly fogs in after life.

"For Thyself, O God, Thou hast created us, and, therefore, our hearts shall be restless until they rest in Thee."

This, the creed of the mystics, is all unconsciously the creed of childhood. Mothers, the real mothers, know it, feel it instinctively, and formulate it in tender, glowing words, words which entrance the baby ears, and linger inter-

twined with the dearest and most sacred memories all through the years to come. There are the wonderful Bible stories—that entrancing tale of Joseph and his brethren, followed with unflagging interest from scene to scene. There is Noah's ark, with all its fascinating details. There is the brave, beautiful David who slew Goliath, and who grew to be a "man after God's own heart." There are the three children in the fiery furnace; there is the grand figure of Daniel in the lion's den—all upholding the high ideal, love of God, desire to please Him, for which we were created. Then above and beyond, and far surpassing and thoroughly satisfying all, there is the beautiful, wonderful, simple story of the Child Jesus.

The story of Jesus is in the hands of a skillful mother endless, inexhaustive, entrancing to childhood as never story in all the world's history. This is the story "which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love, has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions, has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice."

It is the story which satisfies the highest aspirations of the untainted childish soul. Happy indeed the innocent young creatures to whom fond mothers' lips have recounted it! In the hands of such mothers even the strange fairy tales and the gypsy stories will breathe forth the same beautiful spirit, appeal to the same high ideal—the same in essence if not in kind.

Our young author had been so favored in early childhood. In boyhood he began to read, and then it was that he felt the *want*. The Rollo books were full of interest. Optic's boys were "tip-top"; so were the boys and girls of many another fascinating tale; but—but they were not exactly the boys and girls he knew. With one of the popular books open in his hand at a harrowing scene, he cornered his father one day:—

"I say, Pop, aren't there any fellows in the world just like me?"

"Plenty, sonny, plenty," was the parental assurance.

"Then they're not in books. Why don't they put them in books, Pop?"

"They do," asserted "Pop."

"Sonny" shook his head. "Phil [referring to his tale] is a fine fellow; he gets into lots of trouble and he pulls himself out splendidly; but I don't believe that he can always pull himself out all alone. You know, Pop," and this small philosopher and thinker assumed a confidential tone, "you know it isn't easy for a chap to keep straight. I couldn't unless I went to confession. I don't believe these fellows ever go."

If the father was astonished he concealed it. He naturally (poor man) "hemmed and hawed" a bit, and regarded the small boy before him—the awful small boy with his everlasting "why's?" The latter was certainly not one of the popularly called "pious kind." He was an honorable, upright, high-spirited little lad, and sometimes, indeed, he was a decidedly mischievous, obstreperous "young scamp." But what a poser he could formulate!

In answer, at length, the "pater" gave two or three reasons. They did not satisfy himself, still less did they satisfy his son. But the question was productive of practical results. The Catholic book stores were ransacked, and poor "sonny" was shortly presented with a supply of mental pabulum, compared to which in strength the nursing bottle of his infancy was as a tower of iron.

His subsequent remarks upon the same were concise and to the point. They were confided to a boy chum, who felt, if he did not know how to express a similar *want.*

"Say, Jack, are you and I and the other fellows we know the only Catholic fellows with any backbone?"

"Give it up," said Jack, carelessly; "never met any in books, anyhow, if that's what you mean!"

"Well, you'll meet 'some' when I grow up," was the startling reply, "and they won't be afraid to talk out, either."

Then and there was the future author born.

This and much more, many of the deeper thoughts of youth, in the fullness of whose first freshness he yet stood, had the kindly manner of the old publisher drawn from his visitor. And yet, in duty bound, the latter felt he should warn him from the path he would tread. What matter if deep down in his own honest old soul there was a hankering belief in it yet. To encourage the lad would be next door to madness, seeing, as he did, all the practical difficulties in the way to the attaining of such an end. Yet he was undoubtedly captivated by the enthusiasm and well-nigh invincible faith of the youth, and, after the dose of "common sense" had been conscientiously administered, he said suddenly: "If you will insist upon a Catholic publisher, why don't you try X——?"

"I've just come from him," was the answer, "wild horses wouldn't drag me back there again."

"Tell me about it," was the terse command. The author "told" about it, and with *vim*.

He was not prepared for the result. The old man rose and shook himself. "Look here, my boy, (don't wince—I call my son so, and he's the father of four) put on your hat, take that manuscript out of your pocket, put your pride in, and let your two feet walk you straight back to X——; he's your man."

"But—but,"—began the other.

"No buts; do as I say. Keep a civil tongue in your head, forget the three-legged chair and the hobby and the 'ghastly want of appreciation.' Think of nothing but business, downright business."

"But that is the very rock we split upon."

"You won't split upon it again if you do as I say. Now, listen, lad. . . . X. has the premium trade; that's where your entering wedge must be made. What you say he told you about the nuns is the best news I've heard in many a day. They want 'American insides'—bless their hearts! Why, don't you see they create a demand right off. X. has got to supply this demand if he wants to keep their trade.

Here's where you come in; you're not a pioneer exactly, but there aren't five already in the field, and probably *none* available at a moment's notice. Mark my words, he'll take your book,—for nothing, if he can get it; if not he'll make terms. They may not be generous, but *he'll make terms.* Don't give up your copyright; insist upon retaining that. Whether he will give you ten per cent., or five, or three, accept it; never mind about the copies *printed;* demand it upon those *sold.* By-and-bye you will be in a position to be more independent. Go, now; I have faith in your future (whether I have in that of Catholic literature or not); you'll have a hard road to travel yet, but, after all, it's worth it, lad, it's worth it."

The next moment the youth found himself again in the street, his "two feet" promptly carrying him where he certainly thought "wild horses never again would have dragged him." His manuscript was under his arm, his pride was in his pocket, and—success lay before him.

X—— made terms,—with their magnitude or *want* of magnitude this present sketch has naught to do; the book was published, and its success was beyond expectations. One thousand copies were sold the first week. It had evidently struck the right note. The young people themselves gave it an enthusiastic reception; the Catholic press was generous and appreciative. . . . Years have passed; this little book of many hopes is not alone in the field; nor, indeed, was it when it entered. "Midshipman Bob" had already "blazed a trail," but there were few others. To-day, however, there are some bright names among us, who, animated with the same hopes, inspired by the same faith, are, in the words of Maurice Francis Egan, "doing a most difficult thing perfectly—giving us stories for children, which are read with pleasure by children."

In this connection the first name that suggests itself is that of Dr. Egan himself. Writing in the *Ave Maria* and elsewhere, he has given us some of our very best boy and girl stories. They are full of life, fun, frolic, and of a humor inimitable but distinctly *Eganesque.* Let us listen

while he tells us *why* he writes Catholic stories for Catholic children:

"WHY I WRITE CATHOLIC STORIES FOR CATHOLIC CHILDREN.

"1st. Because I was, as a child, a constant reader of books. In those books I never read of Catholic children, except in Canon Schmid's and other foreign books. I found in the book-land no Catholic American boys and girls, though I wanted very much to meet some who would be as interesting as "Rollo" and Oliver Optic's folk and the "Young Mariners." It seemed to me that in the best world—that of books—there were no Catholic children.

"2d. I wanted to do my best to supply the need which other little Catholics must have felt. The German children of dear, old Canon Schmid and the Irish children of Mrs. Sadlier and the Flemish children of Hendrik Conscience were well enough, but I wanted, and I knew others wanted, to see their own "ways," the ways of American children, in print, and I resolved to study them and to put them in print.

"3d. I have children of my own. They read a great deal, thank God! and I want them in their reading to meet Catholic children who are human and faulty, but who keep the Immaculate Conception as well as Fourth of July, and to whom the confessional is as important as the school.

"4th. If even one child is made happier and less lonely by the knowledge that there are other Catholic children in the world like him, I am quite content to write for that child alone.

"MAURICE F. EGAN.

"*August, 1896.*"

Comment here is hardly necessary. Any of ours would but weaken the strength of such an argument.

Rev. Francis Finn, S.J., with his grand faith in the American boy, after most emphatically admitting the power of the novel to lead men to high, or to degrade them to low aims, goes on to say:

"Now if it is possible to harm men by novels, and also possible to better them, *a fortiori* it is possible to harm children, and also possible to mould their minds—O, how plastic!—to love and follow the high ideal."

Father Finn further finds that boys are "chuck full of sympathy, and are on the constant look-out to lavish it."

"Why do I write for the young?" he repeats;

"Because I prefer them in their innocence and artlessness to adults. I have always been, and am still, very fond of young people—mostly boys.

"2d. I write of them because most of my life has been spent among young people—again, owing to environment, mostly boys.

"3d. Because, from the middle of my teens, I conceived the idea, in nowise original, of trying to do for Catholic boys what Optic and others were doing for the non-Catholic and the Protestant boy. Of this latter Oliver Optic gave the ideal, and, while I have no quarrel to find with the ideal Protestant American boy, whether on paper or in the flesh, at the same time I believe that the ideal Catholic American boy is the best boy in the world. . . .

". . . There are some who think that I exaggerate in picturing boys who have a horror of sin; there are many boys of this kind in our Catholic colleges. . . . I was tempted in "Percy Winn" to record something of Percy which I knew, according to my conception of the character, ought to be recorded of him. After long thought I omitted it, because I knew that not only the critics but the public would deem me extravagant and utterly untrue to life. And yet I know boys personally who are doing precisely what I dared not ascribe to a hero of fiction. . . . Having seen, then that high animal spirits, fun, frolic, duty and piety go so well together, I have endeavored to write stories of boys who unite these qualities.

"FRANCIS FINN, S.J."

"*August, 1896.*"

That the gifted author has more than carried out his endeavors, the boys, even the "grown-up" ones, and indeed the girls, too—though he does not speak of them so much—have by their appreciation abundantly testified.

Our sweetest singer, one of the most loved names in our Catholic literature of to-day, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, the "poet of the pure soul," has of late devoted her pen, both in prose and song, to the benefit of the little ones. Two charming books—"Amy's Music Box" and "The Lost Christmas Tree" make glad and happy the hearts of the

children. Miss Donnelly has felt "impelled" to this work, "because," as she says:

"I love their precious souls; because I am convinced a good story-book is for them the next best thing to the Catechism, and because there are so few Catholic authors who write books that our children can easily comprehend and readily apply to their own lives and needs.

"A child must be won before it can be acceptably instructed. The old moralist, Martin Tupper, gave utterance in his day to a multitude of trite and tiresome axioms; there is a world of truth, nevertheless, in his aphorism:

'Precepts and rules are toilsome to a child,
But happy illustration winneth him.'

From the days of Æsop, fables and allegories have proved an important factor in the illustration—the elucidation, of a juvenile code of ethics. Our Lord Himself taught the sublimest truths by means of simple parables, and his hearers were, for the most part, nothing more than grown-up children.

"It is one thing to make a child-story offensively dogmatic or tediously controversial; it is another to so attractively present Catholic doctrine and Catholic practices as to captivate the heart and increase the faith of the little reader.

"The pen that writes on the soul of a child has engraven upon an immortal tablet. The wax of the unsophisticated mind becomes more imperishable in its inscription for good or evil than monuments of brass or granite.

"Woe betide the man or woman who feeds carrion to the dove, or swine-husks to an innocent soul! Our police annals teem with shameful records of boys and girls who have been converted into criminals and outlaws by the vile romances that, having first enkindled their grosser passions, rapidly inducted their understandings and wills into sensational and corrupt methods of wrong-doing.

"The Father of Lies has no better spokesman than the individual who declares that Catholic story-books—especially story-books for Catholic children—'are neither needed nor wanted' at the present day.

"As bread is the food of the child's body, as the Blessed Eucharist is the food of the child's soul, so a good book is the genuine

food of a child's mind. If its mind be improperly nourished, its imagination improperly directed, the corruption of both soul and body speedily follows, and the Bread of Life, in the end, is either rejected with loathing or received with perilous apathy.

"The imperative need of our boys and girls in this age of clever, misleading literature, of cheap, highly-spiced and (alas!) debasing novels, is a plenty of bright, wholesome, delightful story-books, so well written in good Saxon as to be easily understood, and so clearly fitted to the circumstances of the young as to instruct them in their faith, and direct and support them in the daily combat with their little trials and temptations. Our separated brethren have long recognized this truth. Their writers of juvenile fiction are well-prized, well paid, and constantly employed. One has but to glance at the book-lists displayed at the doors of denominational publication houses, to read the tempting titles of the many story-books whereby Protestantism impresses its tenets (with an indelible charm) on the eager, ductile minds of the young. I well remember the powerful effect produced upon me, when a little child, by one of these Sunday-school tales. It was a simple story of home-life in a Methodist family—the eldest son gently winning his little sister to a fervent *personal* love of our Lord Jesus Christ by leading her to regard Him as her true *Elder Brother*. The writer of the book must have been a single-hearted, pious soul who had never been vouchsafed the full light of the faith, but she had done her best with such lights as were hers; and to this day I can never hear those words "*Elder Brother*," without the peculiar swelling and melting of the heart produced in those early years by that tender picture of the lovely and most lovable Christ.

"ELEANOR C. DONNELLY."

"*August, 1896*."

Here, indeed, may the thoughtful reader pause and consider. Miss Donnelly echoes the thoughts of many hearts, but echoes them in clarion tones of power and clearness.

The author of "Midshipman Bob," a work of its kind already a classic, modestly says:

"You embarrass me much by asking me to become a 'witness.' Can I really be of use to you?

"There is so little to say. I have a great respect for small boys. They are so uncompromisingly honest, and I most respect in each

the future law-maker, law-upholder, mechanic, artist and artisan. I love their enthusiasms, their fearless expectation of conquering the world, the courage that makes our soldiers, the love of adventure that makes our sailors, the keen interest that makes our inventors, the love of freedom which, properly directed, maintains our institutions—in a word, I heartily love boys, and sympathize with their tastes and pursuits.

"Catholics look at life from such a standpoint of personal responsibility that every age and phase of being must have this atmosphere. All the boys of English-speaking lands had a literature especially addressed to them, our boys excepted; for them there was nothing but the lives of the saints and martyrs (and mighty good reading that is, too!). Many thought that to be really 'good' meant to forego all fun, and that a 'good book' meant a stupid one. So, after thinking it over, I began to wonder if I might be able to collar them long enough to let them think about it; to wonder if I could possibly do for the dear little chaps what my mother has so nobly and faithfully done for the 'grown-ups' through such a long lifetime. I—that's all. My work was very simple. I only 'blazed' a trail, and rejoice I've lived to see so many books grow for the little people. God bless them!

"ELLA LORRAINE DORSEY."

"*August, 1896.*"

That the daughter of Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, the brave-hearted pioneer among the "grown-ups," should, in her own words, be the one to "blaze a trail" for the young folks, seems peculiarly fitting. She certainly has "collared the dear little chaps," and, if we mistake not, her famous book will live to "collar" and incite to high and noble lives generations of "dear little chaps" to come.

Rev. J. Talbot Smith, who, under the pseudonym of *Harry O'Brien*, presented to a host of young readers "The Prairie Boy," thinks that—

"There is a large field for clever writers in doing such work for Catholic young people, as Henty does for non-Catholics; and if my own field had not already been chosen, the work of writing for the young would be pleasant to me. Pressed as I am for time I still hope to turn out a few volumes for the pleasure

of the young. The historic department is that which we need to cultivate in books for the young, and in it we can easily destroy the bad effects of falsified history on our young people. It would not be a bad idea, to get all Catholic writers at the good work of composing a few volumes each for the children.

"J. T. SMITH."

We submit to our readers and especially to our writers this pertinent suggestion.

Miss Sara Trainer Smith, who has written some exquisite tales for the little people, principally in the *Ave Maria*, thus answers the question: "Why have I written stories for the young?

"I wrote *because they came to me*. But, beneath and beyond, there has always been with me, from the very first, the steadfast determination to say as well as I could say it, only the best, the purest, the noblest thought that was given me, and to say it in my own way, from my own standpoint—which has always been, thank God! that of a convert to whom the Church appeals in every possible way, satisfying my reason, my judgment, my desires, my affections, and my aspirations. . . . I have used what God has given me simply, earnestly and confidently. I have met with every kindness, every encouragement, every success from the first, and I could have disposed of any amount of work if I had produced it. My success has probably been owing to the fact that I have waited always for something to say, for a message to give."

"SARA TRAINER SMITH."

"*August, 1896.*"

We need hardly add that Miss Smith's "message" has always been given with all the beauty and artistic grace which true inspiration ever bestows. A genial refinement marks her every line, and leaves its indelible impress upon the mind of the young reader.

Mary Catharine Crowley is another *Ave Maria* name dear to the hearts of thousands of girl and boy readers. She tells us why she dedicates her pen especially to the interests of Catholic boys and girls:

"Because I regard this as my literary vocation, my heart is in it, and it is the work I love best; because of the good to be accomplished by this means, the blessing attached to it, the friends and happiness it has won for me, and because even the material return it brings seems blessed.

"I *do* contribute also to secular magazines and periodicals, however, for I think the sound principle in distinguishing right and wrong we are taught from childhood, ought to have as wide an influence as possible and, in fact, I have found it welcomely received.

"A practical reason, too, which the professional writer usually finds necessary to take into account, is that the field of general juvenile literature is the most remunerative in the province of literary work. Only within a few years has this literature become mainly colorless; formerly it was characterized by a certain religious tone which was, nevertheless, distinctively Protestant. Apart from its negative quality, much of it is well written and interesting, hence its fascination for our girls and boys. My chief aim, accordingly, is to do my part towards furnishing our young people with a literature, attractive, up-to-date, and pervaded by the Catholic spirit, in short to help on towards the attainment of the Ideal Juvenile Literature."

"MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY."

"*August, 1896.*"

With Miss Crowley's aim many of us have thorough sympathy. Without violating a single canon of art or good taste, a thoroughly Catholic story may be written, a story in which from beginning to end the word Catholic may not once be mentioned, but whose atmosphere, whose spirit is thoroughly pervaded by the principles of our faith. There are times, however, when the "*message which comes to one*" calls for the free and spontaneous expression of the faith that is in one. Here no negative expressions will do; this the true literary artist feels, and it is this sense of freedom which is denied him when writing exclusively for secular periodicals. Miss Crowley, gifted with the true artistic instinct, evidently feels this, and writes her stories *mainly* for our *Catholic* young people, because, in the words of Miss Sara Trainer Smith, they "*come to her.*"

Mr. James Riley, the editor of the *Orphans' Bouquet*, Boston, and Mr. Henry Coyle, his brilliant co-laborer, are right royally doing their share in the good work. Mr. Riley believes

"that in the heart of the boy there is so much to be found that is warm and bright, that it tempts me. I do not know that I can, or shall ever leave even a hint at what my soul sees in child life. But I do feel the importance of a more extended field of literature of a juvenile nature for our Catholic youth, literature that shall portray the strong, healthy, earnest, high-minded boy, and leaving him real upon the page, surround him in colors that shall live.

"JAMES RILEY."

As editor and writer Mr. Riley is doing this.

Henry Coyle, with a bright and beautiful faith, surmounting all obstacles, thus speaks:

"I believe there is a demand for good Catholic juvenile literature. When I say good I do not mean pious platitudes with little saints as heroes and heroines, but real, live, nineteenth century, wide-awake girls and boys, not too good nor yet wholly bad. Life—real life—is what we need in Catholic juvenile stories. The child's mind is receptive and retains through life its earlier impressions. Feed it with good, healthy literature; it will strengthen the character and give correct views of men and things. What we give the children to read forms an important part of their education. . . . I love the work. . . . I believe in the future of Catholic literature, and I have cast my lot in with it for good or ill. God alone knows what the outcome will be, but I have faith.

"HENRY COYLE."

"*August, 1896.*"

Mr. Coyle's pen is versatile; he is equally at home in prose and verse, and very successful in his work for the young folks.

Mrs. Sallie Margaret O'Malley, whose short stories have been for some time gaining popularity with children, spent her own childhood on the prairies of southwestern Missouri, where, as she says, her "only reading matter was 'Poor Richard's Almanac' and old 'Historical Notes of French

Trading Posts.'" A cousin attending a Catholic school in St. Louis sent her, however, a package of books. "Beautiful legends and traditions they were, of Catholic trend," writes Mrs. O'Malley:

"I was fascinated, and to me it opened a new field of thought, that of the Acadian Catholic in the settlements in southwestern Missouri. All my stories bear towards some history of these, although I was never in a Catholic church until after my marriage, in 1882. . . . All children's stories can be handled dramatically and effectively in the teachings of Catholicism. It is a branch of literature that stands towards the world as Catholicism stands towards Protestantism, on the offensive and defensive. It is a species of daring to espouse its cause. It is a pure literature, enough so to tempt Protestant writers into the field.

"We who admire the good naturally tend our thoughts towards the pure and good in literature, especially for our young—the future statesmen and mothers.

"S. M. O'MALLEY."

Mrs. O'Malley is working in a field hitherto unexplored by our Catholic writers for the young. What its possibilities are any one of her well-told stories will amply reveal.

These are, of course, but a few chosen out of that small but bright galaxy of names who are laying the foundation, each in his or her own way, on which shall be built the Catholic American juvenile literature of the future.

They are all more or less pioneers in their loved and chosen field of labor, and they have battled and are yet battling, and will probably continue to battle with many discouragements, countless obstacles. Whether these obstacles may be removed, these discouragements—turned into joys, depends upon the publisher and the public. The young readers themselves have received them with open arms, but there are yet thousands, even millions of children who do not even *know* them.

With the practical question of supply and demand, however, this paper does not profess to deal. Just here we beg to "rest our case" in the hands of the publisher.

MARION J. BRUNOWE.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN dearly love imaginative poetry. This has been demonstrated by so many successive generations of little boys and girls that now, in an age dominated by prose, a mathematical and scientific age wedded to accuracy and proven facts, the pleasures yielded by rhyme and rhythm fall mainly to the share of youth. The child does not wholly belong to us. He is untouched by the ambitions and limitations that make each century a battle-field and a prison for those who dwell in it. He is a member of his own commonwealth, the laws whereof have been handed down from boy to boy, and from girl to girl, since the far-off day when little St. Theresa and her brother set blithely forth with a crust of bread in their pockets to convert the inhabitants of Morocco, and be martyred for their faith.

We do not sufficiently take into account the heroic and limitless nature of a child's imagination when we measure it by his imperfect intellectual development. Children may enjoy a great deal where they understand very little, and this enjoyment is an important factor in their early education. It is a golden chain drawing them unconsciously to the love of things great and good. The most interesting experiment I have ever seen tried to test the natural bent of young and ignorant children towards what is really beautiful in English poetry was the work of a teacher in one of the public schools of a great western city. Her class was composed of little boys and girls from six to eight years of age, well-fed, well-clad, but with no knowledge of anything beyond the city streets. They were the children of artisans who earned good wages, but were themselves wholly uneducated, many of the mothers having but an imperfect acquaintance with the alphabet. The young teacher conceived the idea of reading to these tiny pupils a little good poetry day by day, when their lessons were over, to see if they took any pleasure in literature which was apparently far beyond their infant grasp. With admirable tact and discretion she selected musical poems, of which the very words might prove seductive to

baby ears, and she read the same verses over and over again, so that her listeners might become familiar with the sound, if not with the sense thereof. As her idea was to test the children's enjoyment of poetry, she avoided, as far as possible, ballads and tales in verse, lest the delight of hearing a story should be keener than the delight of listening to rhythm ; and she essayed very little explanation of what she read, leaving the alert young minds to puzzle out the meaning for themselves.

Now what was the result of this simple and sane experiment? In a few weeks the restless ranks of tired and fidgetty little scholars began to listen with rapt attention to their favorite poems ; and, as they were generally permitted to select the reading or part of it for themselves, their teacher learned just what she desired to know,—who were the chosen poets of their childish hearts. First and foremost on the list, called for oftener than any other verse, and always received with delight, was Lord Tennyson's "Brook;" and baby lips were heard repeating softly the enchanting refrain,

> "For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

Next in order was the beautiful "Bugle Song" from "The Princess," with its clear delusive echoes, its Elfland music blown sweetly through the air ; and after these came a host of spirited and charming poems, among which ranked high "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"—one of the few stories allowed—and all good verses about birds and beasts. Some selections from "Hiawatha" were tried without success. Wandering eyes and listless attitudes betrayed a painful lack of interest in the Indian epic, and it was speedily dropped from the lists.

I think these tests of the greatest value to teachers, and to all who are concerned with the education of children. For it is through his enjoyment only that a child can be taught the power and the value of poetry. It is by the path of pleasure that this ennobling and illuminating influence enters his little heart. And the influence, to be far-reaching, must be unconscious and sincere. Didacticism is of slight avail,

though religious poems, if they be highly imaginative, appeal powerfully to a child. Such tales as Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful," which has been also admirably versified by Eleanor Donnelly, and the lovely old "Legend of Provence," which Adelaide Proctor tells very sweetly though at too great length, and which Mr. John Davidson has so strangely brutalized, make a lasting impression upon childish minds. The serious objection to a great deal of religious poetry is its melancholy character. This objection may be urged against much of Miss Proctor's work, and even against such old-time favorities as Hans Andersen's "Little Gretchen," and Herder's "Statue and the Child," which, in their various translations, are familiar to most nurseries. Poetry for the young should strike a joyous note. It sometimes happens that we gather figs from thistles, for there is more that is good and wholesome in the cheerfulness of Colley Cibber's "Blind Boy," than in a volume of verse about saintly children who die too soon for sin.

To conclude, there can be no real trouble in finding plenty of admirable poetry for the child to read and love. Scott and Tennyson and Longfellow alone yield a rich harvest to the gleaner, while such charming verses as Cowper's "Epitaph on a Hare," and Allingham's "Robin Redbreast" are of incalculable value in teaching the best of all lessons,—affection and tenderness for God's dumb creatures. I sometimes wish that a volume of poems could be compiled which should have, as far as possible, a Catholic tone, and the grace of familiar Catholic allusion, yet the contents of which should nevertheless be chosen broadly for their beauty's sake. But in default of this desirable and unattainable collection, there are several books, both English and American, that cannot fail to delight. Only let us avoid, sternly and persistently, those modern versifiers who publish every year at Christmas time a mass of foolish milk-and-watery rhymes, fit only to make a child the dullard we are pleased to fancy him, and to weaken his natural, inborn appreciation of better things.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Philadelphia.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE FOR CATHOLIC CHILDREN.

THE problem of providing suitable reading matter for Catholic children has been a serious one for thirty years. As yet we do not seem to be very near its solution, and the honest attempts made by earnest writers and publishers to supply the demand for child's literature up to this moment, have been without system and without encouragement. We have no magazine of the excellence and standing of *St. Nicholas*, no weekly journals of the same order and power as *The Youth's Companion* and Harper's *Round Table*, and nothing at all which matches in popularity the half-dime libraries that flood the land. Our condition could not very well be worse. In answering the questions proposed by the editor of the REVIEW as to what is needed in the department of periodical literature, and what could be obtained under present circumstances, we have only to consider what kind of reading is popular with Catholic children at present, what are the fashions in current literature for children, and what are the financial risks of a first-class child's journal. The multitude of Catholic children are reading the half-dime libraries, the cheap story papers, and the sensational reports of the daily press; this is true both for the country and the city, with this addition for the country children, that they also read weekly illustrated news journals, which are a combination of story paper, newspaper, and police gazette. These never reach the cities, which have instead the usual magazine supplement to the Sunday edition of the daily journal. Thoughtful parents of the reading kind keep sensational matter out of their households, and provide the children with the high-class secular publications named above; but such parents are very few, and I think it will be found a universal practice that, where Catholic children are reading at all, popular and sensational trash is the subject-matter.

The most popular publications for children in all departments are magazines of such quality as the above-named *St. Nicholas*, weeklies like *The Youth's Companion*, and trash like the half-dime libraries. The last-mentioned have often

made fortunes for their publishers. They are always stories of adventure, mostly in the field of crime, and have at times glorified heroes of the Jesse James stripe, Indian scouts, and Bowery detectives. Of late their writers have found profitable themes in exaggerated descriptions of ordinary characters, such as the young sports of the racing track and the gambling den, the call-boys in hotels, and picturesque workmen on railroad trains and ocean steamers. The practical joker they have also elevated to the hero's throne, and one popular series in New York is devoted to the preposterous tricks of a colored boy and his white chum. The half-dime libraries make more money than *St. Nicholas* or *The Round Table.* They are printed on inferior paper, illustrated by poor artists, written as wood is sawed, by the cord, and number only sixteen pages, the single issue selling for five cents; while the same number of pages in *The Youth's Companion*, which sells for the same price, are beautifully printed on fine paper, illustrated by well-paid artists, and have matter contributed by the cleverest writers. The half-dime libraries are found in all the great cities, in every town which owns a profitable news-room, and their circulation amounts annually to millions.

Bearing in mind these facts as to what the Catholic children are reading and what publications enjoy present popularity, it is an easy matter to describe in outline the kind of journal that would be popular with Catholic children, and that might easily be made a financial success. First, it should be a weekly publication, in an elegant and tasteful way resembling the half-dime library. Harper's *Round Table* has been modeled on this plan, and is weak only in the point of being too elegant by comparison with its poorer and meaner brethren. It is Fauntleroy in the slums, and the ordinary reader of the half-dime sheet would not read it unless paid. To compete with the half-dime gamin the general appearance of the gamin should be followed, with better paper, pictures, and press-work, but not so elegant as to arouse the young reader's suspicions of a Sunday-school paper. Second, the leading article in the journal ought to be a rousing historical romance, or a tale of legitimate adventure, or a story of the

life around us from its most picturesque view-point, and it should be written in a style resembling that of the gamin as closely as good taste and literary spirit will permit. Third, religion should be felt rather than named, and, when introduced, should be treated as a matter of course, just as the boy-readers of the dime libraries bless themselves in the sight of the whole world before diving into their favorite stream. Last, the journal should be placed on the market on its merits, without special appeal to the children on the score of religion, care having been taken to let parents, priests, and all the interested know that such a journal is at their service. However, this last recommendation may be discarded under certain circumstances. I have no doubt that in Catholic cities such a publication might with great profit carry the name, *Catholic Boys' Own Library*, provided the illustrations and text would have no trace of the pietistic. It may be thought that this care to avoid the markedly Catholic smacks of the minimizing spirit; for which we can thank our fathers, who put a sermon into every story, a moral into every poem, and controversy everywhere a few decades ago. So much do Catholic children, no less than the adults, dread to find this seasoning in their dessert, that they will hardly read a book with a Catholic imprint. When prudent beginnings have removed this dread, there need be no restriction as to religion in the children's journal.

Something better than the half-dime library on all points could be put on the market at two and a half cents a copy—not less than ten thousand copies to be printed. The newsdealer or newsboy would take a cent and a half for his trouble, and the publisher's clear profit would be one hundred dollars on the first edition of ten thousand. This profit would increase with the increase of sales. Subscriptions would be two dollars a year, and at that price would give the publisher a little more than one cent profit on each copy, as he would have the newsman's percentage to himself. The subscription list is, however, not one to be trusted in dealing with a Catholic publication. Our people pay the nickel weekly, but object to paying two dollars in a subscription for

one year. The safer plan nowadays is to sell through the newsman or the newsboy. The publisher would have to risk three thousand dollars on a venture of this kind; that is, he should have three thousand dollars at his command in order to carry the journal over the first six months. The weekly expense, including salaries and the expense of introduction, would be three hundred dollars. He might be lucky enough, if his ability was fair, and his plans were well made, to sell his first edition of ten thousand from the very start, a fact which would make life easy for him, and leave his capital undisturbed; but luck of this sort is not to be looked for, and the experienced publisher prepares for a long tramp in the desert before the oasis and its springs appear.

I have no doubt that a breezy, healthy, interesting journal of this type could get a footing with comparative ease in such cities as Boston, New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, where some thousands of Catholic children are reading the trashy weeklies, and paying five cents a week for the nasty privilege. The main effort would be in diverting them from the worse to the better journal. To accomplish that task the cities have capable and well-trained men; Catholics who have spent long years in journalism, and would willingly take up work so congenial. The one real difficulty is, where to get the capitalist, who, for interest or benevolence, will risk a few thousands. He is the rarest bird in the forest. We have the readers, the workers, the ideas and plans, the sharp needs, but the Catholic man of means, who will give ear to this appeal, is yet to be found. Our Catholic business men, as a rule, are densely ignorant of all things pertaining to a Catholic press. It is easy to interest them in charities, which they can understand; but having never heard of a Catholic publication which made any money, they will not listen to a business proposition on this point. Undoubtedly we shall owe the first real children's journal to some moneyless enthusiast with sound ideas and true courage, as we owe what literature we have to enthusiastic authors, who paid the publishers to print their books.

New York JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

THE PUBLISHER'S VIEW

OF DEMAND AND SUPPLY OF JUVENILE LITERATURE FOR CATHOLICS.

THE Catholic book publisher is a much abused man. Authors and purchasers alike have their ungentle fling at him from different points of attack ; and if we had to believe all we hear about his closeness with writers, his tricks of trade, his carelessness in the matter of editing and publishing, and his abnormal propensity to make money by taking advantage of the general thirst for knowledge among Catholics, and of the zeal toward spreading Catholic literature, to which good people, especially poor priests and nuns, are devoted, we should at once conclude that he richly deserves to be branded and suspended, somewhere in Barclay street, as a perpetual warning to future generations of Catholic booksellers.

The present writer has had some experience with the trade. He has had manifold relations with authors, booksellers and bookbuyers, and in the course of years has received the impression that something might be said in behalf of a class of men who are made answerable in the main for such wants and faults as are to be found with the reading matter for English-speaking Catholics, particularly in the United States.

Let me briefly state the current complaints regarding the production of Catholic books. It is said that

1. They are too dear ;

2. They are generally of inferior quality in typography, illustrations, binding ;

3. They are not up to the progressive standard of the literature of the day ;

4. Their publishers do not pay the authors anything like the usual royalty offered to their patrons by respectable non-Catholic firms.

The leading indictment, namely, that books published by and for Catholics are often dearer than books of the same size and character published by non-Catholic houses, is prob-

ably true. But can it be otherwise, or are we authorized to assume that because a book of 300 pages, bound in Holland shades, can be sold for twelve cents a copy, therefore every book of 300 pages, bound in the same style, should be sold at that price? Certainly not. The price of a book, like the price of other commodities, is determined not merely by the outlay for its production, but—and principally—by the chances of its finding purchasers. Prices of single volumes, ranged on the shelves of a large publishing house, will be found to vary out of all proportion to the size of the books, the character of the letterpress and style of binding. Some books are very cheap. They are those, as a rule, which find a ready market and return the outlay invested in their production almost immediately, or they are books of which previous editions have been sold in sufficient quantities to pay for the cost of production. The new editions represent, therefore, the cost simply of paper, new impressions and binding, which items, as every bookmaker knows, are a mere nominal expense when compared with the first cost of setting the type, correcting proofs, electrotyping, advertizing and author's royalty.

"The cost of electrotype plates" writes a prominent Catholic New York publisher, "is not less for a Catholic book sold at the rate of 500 copies per annum, than it is for the sensational novel printed and bound in quantities of from 50,000 to 100,000. In the latter case the bookmaker is enabled to secure paper, printing and machine-binding at a much lower price. In the space of a month, often less, he has made his sales, cleared a profit, and is able to invest his gain in some new enterprise."

But the average Catholic book appeals to a much smaller circle than the popular literature of the day. Works of no particular religious character are bought by Catholics as well as by the readers of other or no denomination, whilst distinctly Catholic works, whatever be their special merit, rarely find purchasers outside of the Catholic fold. "The usual edition," says Mr. P. J. Kenedy, who has had an experience of many years with numerous books published by him at a

low rate of sale, "the usual edition of a Catholic book is 500 copies, and the annual sale is from 250 to 500. Interest must be realized on the money invested in the plates of the books; hence, a small number only being sold, the price must be put proportionately high, to save the publisher from loss on his investment."

It must be remembered, too, that the catalogue price of most books, or that which is paid for single copies, is not the price charged to those who constitute the principal patrons of the Catholic publishing house. The agents in different parts, who sell at catalogue prices, receive a percentage ranging from 25 to 50 per cent. When you deduct expressage, advertising, the return of unsold copies which are often damaged or shelfworn, besides expenses for store rent, clerking, stationary and the losses from dilatory creditors, there remains very little for the greedy publisher. A second class of what are supposed to make up the most enviable customers in the Catholic book trade are the clergy, religious, and schools. They are expected to recommend good books and therefore to promote their sale. As a matter of fact, however, many priests who purchase on occasion of missions, for school libraries, or during the holidays, expect not only a special reduction, but a donation in behalf of the mission, fair, or library; they assume that the amount of the bill sent them represents the profit on the articles sold rather than the net value of the merchandise.

Furthermore—and this is odd—there are priests and nuns who stretch the principle of charity so far as to suppose that they are not expected to pay their debts, and that the same providence which supplies sunshine will somehow look after the creditors who, being Catholics, believe in the promise of *eternal* reward. It may sound like an exaggeration but it is none the less true, that priests and religious who pay their bills to non-Catholic firms with punctual obeisance will delay the same obligation in regard to Catholic dealers. The fact is perhaps easily explained, yet it is an injustice, and in the case of the publisher we have a right to remember that he is usually bound to pay his own bills for printing and binding,

etc., at once, whilst he must wait for his returns, even when they are sure, for months and years. It is hardly necessary to mention here that the heirs and successors to the honors of deceased debtors are proverbially slow to acknowledge claims which they themselves have not created.

The charge that Catholic books are, as a rule, inferior in quality of letterpress, illustrations, paper, binding, etc., to the general bookmaking, is not altogether true. If it is, the cause lies in the fact, that the publisher desires to bring the price of a book which has a limited sale down to the average demand for a cheap edition. "We publish some Catholic books," writes an old and prominent bookseller, "of which we do not receive orders for fifty copies a year; how can a publisher be expected to come out without loss in such a case?"

As to the demand for a more progressive standard in Catholic literature of the day, we might repeat here what has been said in the article on literature for children by the editor, and in that on the need of Catholic juvenile fiction, by Fr. Finn. There are many things more important in training the child than the inculcation of nineteenth century notions; and so far as these are necessary in order to make the child realize that the lessons taught are an appeal to actual, not unreal conditions, it is certain that the men and women who write for children in these days take account of this necessity. If there are any authors who write unreal stories, they will soon become aware of the fact that their books are not wanted. Occasionally a publisher is persuaded into putting a worthless book on the market; but it will not become popular, although by hard pushing and smart advertising a first edition may be disposed of. On the other hand, an exceptionally good story will soon create a demand for new editions. The Benzigers who have a large trade and long experience, have recently demonstrated by the publication of Fr. Finn's stories that "quality" tells upon the Catholic reading public as well as upon the cultured world at large. They are convinced, to use the words of the head of the firm, "that there is decidedly a demand for the right kind of juvenile literature."

This leads us to the question of compensation to authors. It goes without saying that the writers of books which have a slow and limited sale cannot command a large royalty. "It does not pay a Catholic publisher to offer royalty on children's books, except to an author who has already earned a reputation. Authors, invariably, even if unknown to the general public, imagine that their work is sure to be a success and that it will sell in million copies." We believe this is true. The genus author is not unfrequently vain, and it takes a long and hard experience to convince young writers that whatever gifts and talents they possess in the literary order, they are no so much above the common as to command exceptional attention. There are thousands of good writers who eke out an unhonored and penurious existence by contributing to the daily and weekly press; they might be editors and authors commanding a large income if they could add to their genius but a single degree, which would lift them above the gifted class of literati to which they belong. Even superior mediocrity is common enough in the world of modern letters, for education is cheap, and cleverness abounds in this generation. Sometimes a mind of lesser power gets to the top and a minor aristocrat dictates the fashion of literary taste. But that is largely a matter of accident and of opportunities which are rare and, as a rule, also short-lived.

The Catholic publisher is as anxious to get good material as any other publisher, and it is reasonable to assume that he is willing to pay for what will prove a profitable investment. But, as we have seen, he labors under the disadvantage of a limited field. He has fewer purchasers in proportion to his estimated market; his patrons are often more exacting than the general public, which buys what it likes, and not from a sense of religious duty to supply merely a definite need. His sales are slow. He has little or no choice between literary productions of first excellence and the numerous "good" books in ordinary demand; hence, he has but rare opportunities of making a "hit" in the business line.

There is every reason, in truth, especially on the part of the clergy for whom we write, to sustain the respectable and conservative class of Catholic book publishers who furnish us with good literature for our children. So far as the complaints mentioned before are reasonably lodged against the trade at large, and not against any individual bookseller, we believe that the clergy can largely remove them. Let them recommend the right kind of books, let them foster an active society for the spread of good books among Catholics, especially among the young. Not only the Sunday-school, but the pulpit is a fitting place for the propagation of Catholic literature. A much respected publisher of many years' standing, in Philadelphia, told us, not long ago, that when once he requested a priest to recommend a certain Catholic work to the faithful, he received the answer: "Priests are not book-agents." Indeed, they might well be, since their mission is to spread the word of truth. Years ago there were fewer reading people among Catholics; to-day every child wants a paper or a book. The parents who imbibed the faith in the old country, amid persecution, managed to keep it without the aid of books, and the penal law which forbade them to have a Catholic school has, perhaps, proved a blessing to many by keeping them from reading bad books whilst they could not read such as were good. But the children in this new land are not like their elders; if we would save them to the Catholic Church we must provide them with an antidote against the flood of poisonous literature that surrounds them.

For this reason we need the Catholic publisher, who, like ourselves, must live by his work.

A LIBRARY FOR CHILDREN.

AS the children were the object of our Blessed Lord's predilection and endearing solicitude—"Suffer the little children to come unto Me"—and since He gave His apostles a special commission touching them in the twice repeated words of St. John's Gospel: "Feed my Lambs,"[1] the priests of His Church must needs regard it as the most cherished duty of their pastorate, a very "labor of love," to provide suitable pastures for the lambs of their flock. In conjunction with the Sunday school, where the "milk of doctrine" is imparted, there is need, in every parish, of a library for the children. The reason of this is that the elementary lessons of Christian doctrine, the first impressions of the Faith made upon the minds of the little ones in Sunday school require to be developed and deepened by subsequent reading of Catholic literature.

A good Sunday-school library is an apostolate in a parish, for it is the province of Catholic literature to counteract the effect of unwholesome literature, to cultivate a Catholic spirit and endear our Holy Faith to us by familiarizing us with all that is admirable, elevating, ennobling and inspiring in its sacred teachings and beautiful practices. In good Catholic literature we find the various teachings of faith or morals woven together in the pleasing form and attractive features of some charming bit of biography, history, or fiction. In forming a library for our children there is, however, need of considerable discretion and discrimination in the selection of Catholic literature, so that it may prove desirable pasturage for the lambs of the flock to roam at will, not only without danger to their faith and morals, but with advantage to both. For not all books that bear the imprint of a Catholic publisher possess the essential "imprimatur" of Catholic tone and spirit; indeed, there are books having the distinct title of Catholic, which, nevertheless, are anything or everything

[1] St. John, xxi. 15 and 16.

but Catholic. Let the *quality*, not the name or cheapness of Catholic literature, be the gauge of our selection.

To my brother priests who contemplate forming a library for their children, I would offer the following suggestions, which are largely the result of personal observation and experience, adding at the same time a limited inventory of desirable Catholic books for a children's library.

The first place in a list of books for the young may be rightly assigned to biography. "The study of mankind is man," says a favorite English poet, and another, Longfellow, puts it:

> "The lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime."

In this line, desirable reading for children is "Pictorial Lives of the Saints," an attractive and interesting little excerpt from Alban Butler's learned and exhaustive "Lives." This little work ought to be in the hands of every Catholic child; its illustrations are beautiful object-lessons that cannot fail to attract the little folks. Akin to this are two or three little volumes entitled "Our Patron Saints" and "The Story of Jesus simply told." "The Life of Frederick Ozanam," though intended for older heads, is a biographical gem that should adorn every Catholic library. "Names that Live in Catholic Hearts" also deserves to be included here. "The Brave Boys of France" is a charming bit of biography that is sure to attract the boys and fill the hearts of the little fellows with sentiments of true heroism. In this connection may be mentioned "The Life of St. Louis," which conveys the admirable lesson that the "nobility of virtue" is far more to be prized than the nobility of birth, the one having the patent from God, the other from man. There are few Catholic children who would not be influenced by such sentiments as are, for example, conveyed in the words of Louis's mother, Queen Blanche,—"I had rather see you, my son, dead at my feet, than to know that you had committed a deliberate mortal sin." No *American* Catholic library is

complete without "The Life of Columbus," a biography replete with beautiful lessons of heroic virtue, of great faith and abiding spirit of prayer, as suggested by the beautiful motto attributed to him—

"Jesus and Mary, we pray
Be with us on the way."

An attractive biography of the beautiful though somewhat austere Clare Vaughan, by Lady Lovat, has been recently published in a handsome American edition, with a preface by the editor of the AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

Next to Biography the first claim to recognition belongs to History. An interesting bit of history is "The Truce of God." It is a glimpse into the life of the Middle Ages, which disproves, as it seems to the writer, most conclusively, the libel of prejudice and ignorance which makes them the "dark ages," showing them to have been rather the "ages of light." Then there is the admirable little work, "Some Lies and Errors of History," of Rev. Father Parsons, who has laid Catholics under obligation by his careful study of the facts of history. "The Life of Mary, Queen of Scots," is another valuable addition to the shelf of history in a Catholic library. It reverses the distorted picture given of the ill-fated Queen by some of our historians who have written of her in prejudice.

Fiction naturally takes up much room in libraries for the young, and it is apt to wield no small influence over the minds of the little folks, who delight to ramble in the enchanting field of fancy. Here we begin at once with the delightful stories for boys and girls by Rev. Father Finn, S.J. The different volumes of his charming serials—"Percy Wynn," "Tom Playfair," "Claude Lightfoot," etc., etc., have won the hearts especially of boys and they have taken their elders by storm, too. Somewhat akin to these stories for boys is the bright and attractive little series, reprints from the "Youth's Department" of the *Ave Maria*, from the gifted pens of such popular Catholic writers of juvenile

literature as Mary Catharine Crowley, Marion Brunowe and Maurice Francis Egan. We instance as volumes of excellent quality: "Merry Hearts and True," "Happy-go-lucky," "Apples Ripe and Rosy, Sir," "Lucky Family," "How They Worked Their Way," "The Adventures of Jack Chumleigh," "Midshipman Bob," "The Knight of Bloomendale," "Drops of Honey," "True Wayside Tales," "Tales of Adventure," "Little Snow-Drop," "Jack Harold," "Our Dumb Pets," "Once Upon a Time," "Tales for Eventide," "Stories for Stormy Sundays." These, and a host of others, are the delight of young folks, and, needless to say, minister to their instruction and edification all the while. On the whole, it may be said that the literature which emanates from the printing press of the *Ave Maria* is characterized by a decidedly elevated Catholic tone and spirit.

Not to neglect the babes of the Sunday-shool, whose reading is limited to words of one or two syllables, we would mention the tiny booklets of Canon Schmid's exquisite "Tales for Little Folks," "Father Jerome's Library," "Little Catholic Girls' Library" and "Little Catholic Boys' Library." These little books humbly, but none the less surely and attractively, fulfill the Blessed Master's injunction "Suffer the *little* children to come unto Me," by familiarizing them with His sacred teachings exemplified in touching anecdotes.

"The First Christmas, in fifteen pictures, for our Dear Little Ones," is a handsomely illustrated quarto for children, prepared by Rosa Mulholland. The firm of Pustet & Co. has published several other books of the same character, which, somewhat more costly than the ordinary, are of great value in instructing little minds in scripture history.

Let me give one or two hints about opening a library. First, enlist the interest of your congregation in the project by speaking to them from the pulpit on the subject of good reading. It is well to identify the library with the Sunday-school, as its most effective auxiliary, and to appoint the Sunday-school teachers its promoters and guardians. Then choose some auspicious occasion, such as Christmas, for its

inauguration. Make the opening of the children's library the principal feature of a Christmas-tree celebration, by announcing beforehand that appropriate books for children, or contributions for the purchase of juvenile literature will be the most acceptable Christmas gifts for the tree. Your children's library could hardly be placed under better shelter than beneath the gift-laden branches of that mystic tree, in whose generous shade young and old alike love to assemble and exchange tokens of benevolence, honoring, at the same time, Him whose birth was the herald of "Peace on earth to men of good will."

W. GASTON PAYNE.

A LIST OF BOOKS.

IN submitting a selection of books which may be placed in the hands of children we are obliged to add a few words of caution.

The list which follows has been drawn up by an experienced teacher, a member of the religious order of the Holy Child Jesus, whose schools enjoy a marked reputation, especially for their training in the English branches.

The books mentioned are not, and are not intended to present a catalogue either complete or exclusive. Even if it were possible to mention all the books which might be found in a thoroughly good library for children, it would not be advisable since it might still mislead those who intend to begin the formation of a library for children.

Our list includes the *best* books in *English* written for the young. *Best* is here used in two senses, namely, as applying

to the substance, the pure and elevating character of the subjects and manner of treatment, and also to the superior style of the language. The child is to be educated by means of such books, that is to say, its heart and mind are to be directed toward the recognition and pursuit of its true end; but in leading it to this end we strive to use the best means, the choicest form, which is not always found united to the best material. Hence a separate list has been made up of books which, while not professedly Catholic in topic or source, are so in that broader sense in which we apply that term to the recognized classics of pure English literature.

Whilst these books may be placed in the hands of the young for the purpose of leading them to form an unbiased judgment of what is good in the literature of their mother tongue, their very choice suggests a further task in those who supervise the reading of children. It may happen that teachers who justly class Rider Haggard among the not only sensational, but also demoralizing writers of modern fiction, would take exception on seeing "King Solomon's Mines," by that author, among the books of our list. But let us reflect. The book has become very popular; it is the cleanest and altogether the best of its kind. The young, who are fond of reading, will, in all likelihood, meet with it, read it, find it attractive without finding it bad, and readily conclude that whatever comes from the same source is equally desirable. If, on the other hand, we give them the book, tell them that it is one among many of its class which they might read without soiling their heart and darkening their judgment, we effect two very important things. We teach the child to discriminate between what is good and what is merely attractive, and we make it possible for it to form an estimate of writers who are in everybody's mouth, and whom educated persons find it often humiliating to have to ignore without knowing why. *Sapienti sat!*

In conditions of society which are unfortunately past, it was possible to educate a child in the knowledge of what is good only, and to fortify it against evil by habituating it to

shun all inquiry into what is doubtful or wrong. To-day the spirit of curiosity is challenged by every scrap of newspaper, by countless books in every guise of intellectual and moral culture, by lectures and plays, which the child cannot avoid or even escape. The strength of true education is found no longer in knowing the right and *ignoring* the wrong, but in knowing that there is good and evil, that we must face and fight the evil, face and fight it with those legitimate means happily at our command as Catholics, which, if manfully used, inevitably conquer. [II Tim. ii. 5.]

For very young children who are but beginners in reading, and with whom the question of literary style and exact philosophy of life is of less importance, we have more abundant material than might be supposed. Besides *Canon Schmid's Tales* (6 vols., illustrated), mentioned by Fr. Gaston Payne, *Father Jerome's Library* (12 vols.); *Brother James' Library* (12 vols.); we have *The Young Christian's Library* (12 vols.), comprising short biographies of the saints; *Sister Mary's Library*, (12 vols.); *Young Catholics' Library* (6 vols. to each of four series); *Little Catholic Boy's Library*, and *Little Catholic Girl's Library* (24 vols.); *Little Catholics' Library* (12 vols.); *Parochial Sunday-School Library* (12 vols.); *The Twelve Sisters* (12 vols.), and the *Columbus Library* (47 vols.). The merits of these different collections vary, of course, but they are, on the whole, good food for children's minds and hearts. The volumes, for the most part neatly bound and cased, range in price from between 20 and 50 cents, which is not too dear in view of what we have said elsewhere. We might add here also the *Catholic Pocket Library* (13 vols.), which is of a more or less ascetical character and will serve a good purpose in a promiscuous collection of reading matter for the young. In connection with this department we may here mention an excellent book recently edited by the English Jesuit, Fr. Thurston. It is called "First Communion," and contains choice matter for instruction and interesting illustration which appeals to the child and which grown persons may find of use in dealing with children who are preparing for the great feast of First

Communion. Some story-books, like "Ada Merton," by Fr. Finn, almost serve a like purpose.

Those who can afford to go outside of the list of distinctly Catholic books for the young which we have indicated, will find a good guide in Prof. Hardy's "Five Hundred Books for the Young." [Charles Scribner's Sons.] It is a little volume of seventy pages in which the titles of the books are arranged in groups: General Literature, including Poetry—History and Biography—Geography, Travels and Adventures—Arts and Sciences—Fiction—Fairy Tales and Mythology—Miscellany. Mr. Hardy is a Catholic, which ought to be a guarantee that the selection is free from all objection.

Of poetic selections for the young we have "Palgrave's Children's Treasury of English Song," Mr. Lang's "Blue Poetry Book" and Miss Repplier's "Book of Famous Verse."

Of *Literature for the Nursery* it will not be difficult to choose among the familiar publications of "Puss in Boots," "Humpty Dumpty" and the host of like things of which the young world never wearies. First class Catholic *periodicals* for the young, are, as we are told by Dr. Smith, still a *desideratum.* However, there are some in the field, such as *The Orphan's Bouquet*, *The Angelus*, *The Child*, and others which would probably satisfy all reasonable demands if they were encouraged. One feature should invariably warn us against papers that call for recognition on this plea of furnishing child's reading, and that is vulgar claptrap. The flourishing of trumpets as to what the editors and publishers are *going to do*, and the ecclesiastical *blessings* and *approbations* of what does not as yet exist and should first be *demostrated* by actual doing, is an invariable sign of inflation without value. A publisher who expects to obtain Catholic patronage has to assume the task of proving that he is sound and capable.

To repeat once more. Our duty of providing good reading for the young is not confined to furnishing a list of books. We must direct the reading, keep ourselves personally informed of the character of such current literature as is

offered to the young. A bad book will, in most cases, be easily recognized by reading a few pages; a good book should be made known.

H. J. H.

CATHOLIC TALES.

Fabiola,	Cardinal Wiseman
Callista,	Cardinal Newman
Aroer, or the Story of a Vocation,	Miss Drane
Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir,	Miss Drane
Uriel, or the Chapel of the Angels,	Miss Drane
Australian Duke,	Miss Drane
Jack Chumleigh,	Maurice Egan
Flower of the Flock,	Maurice Egan
Philip's Restitution,	Christian Reid
The Child of Mary,	Christian Reid
Sir Thomas More,	Miss Stewart
Margaret Roper,	Miss Stewart
The Lady of Ravenscombe,	Edward Dering
Ban of Maplethorpe,	Edward Dering
Freville Chase,	Edward Dering
Gertrude Mannering,	Frances Noble
Clare Maitland,	
Legends of the Holy Child Jesus,	Mrs. Leetz
Legends of the Blessed Sacrament,	
Father Fane's Boys' Stories,	
Windeck Family,	Countess Hahn-Hahn
Tales and Legends from History,	Published by Eckmann & Chatrain
Lamp of the Sanctuary,	Cardinal Wiseman
Anemone,	
Wafted Seeds,	
Pauline Seward,	
Love and Self-sacrifice,	Lady Herbert of Lea

Roman Violets,	Lady Herbert of Lea
Laurentia,	Lady Herbert of Lea
Canon Schmid's Tales,	
Pearl in Dark Waters,	
Percy Wynn,	Father Finn, S. J.
Tom Playfair,	Father Finn, S. J.
Linked Lives,	Lady G. Douglas
Earlescliffe,	Lady G. Douglas
Dion of the Sibyls,	Keon
Wives and Mothers of Olden Times,	Lady Herbert
Cradle Lands,	Lady Herbert
Ethel's Book, or Tales of the Angels,	F. Faber
True to Trust,	Published by Burns & Oates
Aurelia, or the Jews at Capena Gate,	M. A. Quinton
Florine, Princess of Burgundy,	McCabe
Iron Crown of Italy,	McCabe
Memoirs of a Guardian Angel,	
Wild Birds of Killeevy,	R. Mulholland
Marcella Grace,	R. Mulholland
Fair Emigrant,	R. Mulholland
Wild Times,	Miss Caddell
Blind Agnese,	Miss Caddell
Irish Hearts and Irish Homes,	Miss Taylor
Edith Mortimer,	
May Templeton,	
Loretto or the Choice,	
Queen Margaret's Journal,	Lady G. Fullerton
Constance Sherwood,	Lady G. Fullerton
A Will and a Way,	Lady G. Fullerton
French Eggs in an English Basket,	Lady G. Fullerton
Strawcutter's Daughter,	Lady G. Fullerton
Ladybird,	Lady G. Fullerton
Grantley Manor,	Lady G. Fullerton
Too Strange not to be True,	Lady G. Fullerton
Portrait in my Uncle's Dining-room,	Lady G. Fullerton

Ferncliffe,	
Conscience's Tales,	
Diary of a Sister of Mercy,	C. Brame
Leper Queen,	S. H. C. J.
Five O'Clock Stories,	S. H. C. J.
Bracton or Sub Sigillo,	F. Anderdon
Rose Leblanc,	Lady G. Fullerton

NON-CATHOLIC TALES.

Tim Trumble's Little Mother,	C. Matèaux
Star in the Dust-heap,	
Little Lord Fauntleroy,	Mrs. Burnett
Lady Jane,	
Toinettes Philip,	
Flat-iron for a Farthing,	Mrs. Ewing
Jan of the Windmill,	Mrs. Ewing
Mrs. Overtheway's Recollections,	Mrs. Ewing
From Six to Sixteen,	Mrs. Ewing
We and the World,	Mrs. Ewing
Short Life,	Mrs. Ewing
Jackanapes,	Mrs. Ewing
Under the Red Robe,	Stanley Weyman
A Gentleman of France,	Stanley Weyman
St. Winifred's—World of School,	Arch-Deacon Farrar
The Channings,	Mrs. H. Wood
Kingsley's Greek Heroes,	
Meadow Grass,	Alice Brown
Tanglewood Tales,	Nath. Hawthorne
Recollections of a Girlhood,	Frances Kemble
Later Recollections,	Frances Kemble
Recollections of Later Life,	Frances Kemble
Pride and Its Prisoners,	by A. L. O. E.
Heartsease,	Miss C. Yonge
Heir of Redcliffe,	Miss C. Yonge
Daisy Chain,	Miss C. Yonge
The Trial,	Miss C. Yonge
Little Duke,	Miss C. Yonge

Prince and the Page,	Miss C. Yonge
Lances of Linwood,	Miss C. Yonge
Caged Lion,	Miss C. Yonge
Dove in the Eagle's Nest,	Miss C. Yonge
Cranford,	Mrs. Gaskill
Conquest of Granada,	Washington Irving
The Alhambra,	Washington Irving
Tip Cat,	
Laddie,	
Edwy the Fair,	A. D. Croke
Alfgar the Dane,	A. D. Croke
Queen Hildegarde,	Laura E. Richards
The Princess and the Goblin,	G. MacDonald
Alice in Wonderland,	L. Carroll
Through the Looking-glass,	L. Carroll
Ben Hur,	Lew Wallace
King Solomon's Mines,	Rider Haggard
Marjorie's Quest,	Jeanie T. Gould
A Noble Life,	Miss Mulock
A Hero,	Miss Mulock

A RELIGIOUS OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

ANALECTA.

LITTERAE APOSTOLICAE.

EPISTOLA ENCYCLICA.

Ad Patriarchas, Primates, Archiepiscopos, Episcopos, aliosque Locorum Ordinarios Pacem et Communionem cum Apostolica Sede Habentes.

Venerabilibus Fratribus Patriarchis Primatibus, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, aliisque, Locorum Ordinariis Pacem et Communionem cum Apostolica Sede Habentibus.

LEO PP. XXIII

VENERABILES FRATRES

Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.

Fidentem piumque animum erga Virginem beatissimam, quem inde a teneris haustum, tota vita studuimus alere et augere, iam saepius in Summo Pontificatu licuit Nobis apertiusque testari. Tempora enim nacti aeque calamitosa rei christianae ac populis ipsis periculosa, nempe cognovimus quanti foret ad providendum, commendare vel maxime illud salutis pacisque praesidium quod in augusta Genitrice sua benignissime Deus humano generi attribuit, perpetuo eventu in Ecclesiae fastis insigne. Hortationibus votisque Nostris multiplex gentium catholicarum sollertia respondit, religione praesertim sacratissimi ROSARII excitata : neque copia desiderata est fructuum optimorum. Nos tamen expleri nequaquam possumus celebranda Matre divina, quae vere est *omni laude dignissima*, et commendando amoris studio in Matrem eamdem hominum, quae *plena est misericordiae, plena gratiarum.* Quin etiam animus, apostolicis curis defatigatus, quo propius sentit demigrandi tempus instare, eo contentiore fiducia respicit Illam, ex qua, tamquam ex felici aurora, inocciduae faustitatis laetitaeque processit dies. Quod si, Venerabiles Fratres, iucundum memoratu est, aliis Nos datis

ex intervallo litteris collaudasse Rosarii precem, utpote quae multis modis et pergrata sit ei cuius honori adhibetur, et iis perutilis cedat qui rite adhibeant, aeque est iucundum posse nunc idem insistere et confirmare propositum. Hinc autem praeclara se dat occasio ut mentes animosque ad religionis incrementa more paterno adhortemur, et acuamus in eis praemiorum spem immortalium.

Precandi formae, de qua dicimus, appellatio adhaesit propria Rosarii, velut si rosarum suavitatem venustatemque sertorum contextu suo imitetur. Quod quidem ut peraptum est instituto colendae Virginis ; quae *Rosa mystica* Paradisi merito salutatur, quaeque universorum Regina stellante ibi corona praefulget, ita videtur nomine ipso adumbrare augurium, cultoribus suis ab illa oblatum, de gaudiis sertisque caelestibus.—Hoc autem perspicue apparet, si quis Rosarii marialis rationem consideret. Nihil quippe est quod Christi Domini et Apostolorum tum praecepta tum exempla gravius suadeant, quam invocandi Dei exorandique officium. Patres deinde ac doctores commonuerunt tantae id esse necessitatis, ut homines eo neglecto, sibi frustra de sempiterna salute assequenda confidant. Quum vero cuiquam oranti, ex rei suapte vi atque ex promissione Christi, aditus pateat ad impetrandum, ex duabus tamen praecipue rebus, et nemo ignorat, maximam efficacitatem trahit precatio ; si perseveranter assidua, si complurium sit in unum collata. Alterum ea declarant plena bonitatis invitamenta Christi, *petite, quaerite, pulsate*;[1] plane ad similitudinem parentis optimi, qui liberorum vult ille quidem indulgere optatis, sed etiam gaudet se diu rogari ab eis et quasi precibus fatigari, ut ipsorum animos arctius sibi devinciat. De altero idem Dominus non semel testatus est: *Si duo ex vobis consenserint super terram, de omni re quamcumque petierint, fiet illis a Patre meo*, eo quod, *ubi suut duo vel tres congregati in nomine meo, ibi sum in medio eorum.*[2] Ex quo illud Tertulliani nervose dictum: *Coimus in coetum et congregationem, ut ad Deum, quasi manu facta, precationibus ambiamus ; haec Deo grata*

1 Matth. vii. 7.

2 Matth. xviii. 19,20.

vis est:[1] illudque commemorabile Aquinatis: *Impossibile est multorum preces non exaudiri, si ex multis orationibus fiat quasi una.*[2]—Ea utraque commendatio egregie in Rosario praestat. In hoc enim, plura ne persequamur, eisdem ingeminandis precibus regnum gratiae et gloriae suae a Patre caelesti implorare contendimus; Virginemque Matrem etiam atque etiam obsecramus ut culpae obnoxiis succurrere nobis deprecando velit, quum in omni vita, tum sub horam extremam quae gradus est ad aeternitatem. Eiusdem autem Rosarii formula ad precationem communiter habendam optime accomodata est; ut non sine causa nomen etiam *psalterii mariani* obtinuerit. Atque ea religiose custodienda est vel redintegranda consuetudo quae apud patres viguit, quum familiis christianis, aeque in urbibus atque in agris, id sanctum erat ut, decedente die, ab aestu operum ante effigiem Virginis rite convenientes, Rosarii cultum alterna laude persolverent. Quo ipsa fideli concordique obsequio admodum delectata, sic eis aderat perinde ac bona mater in corona filiorum, pacis domesticae impertiens munera, quasi pacis praenuncia caelestis.—Hac quidem communis precationis virtute spectata inter ea quae pluries de Rosario placuit decernere, etiam ediximus "Nobis esse in optatis ut in dioeceseon singularum templo principe quotidie, in templis curialibus diebus festis singulis, ipsum recitetur."[3] Id autem constanter et studiose fiat: libentesque videmus id fieri et propagari in aliis quoque publicae pietatis sollemnibus, atque in pompis peregrinantium ad insigniora templa, quarum commendanda est frequentia increscens.—Quiddam praeterea et periucundum et salubre animis habet ista precum laudumque marialium consociatio. Nosque ipsi tunc maxime sensimus, ac memor gestit animus revocare, quum per singularia quaedam tempora Pontificatus Nostri in Basilica Vaticana adfuimus, circumfuso omnium ordinum numero ingenti, qui una Nobiscum mente, voce, fiducia, per Rosarii mysteria et

1 *Apologet.* c. xxxix. 2 *In Evang. Matth.* c, xviii.

3 Litt. apost. *Salutaris ille*, datae die xxiv. Decembr. an. MDCCCLXXXIII.

preces enixe supplicabant Adiutrici nominis catholici praesentissimae.

Ecquis vere fiduciam in praesidio et ope Virginis tantopere collocatam, putare velit et arguere nimiam? Certissime quidem perfecti Conciliatoris nomen et partes alii nulli conveniunt quam Christo, quippe qui unus, homo idem et Deus, humanum genus summo Patri in gratiam restituerit: *Unus mediator Dei et hominum homo Christus Iesus, qui dedit redemptionem semetipsum pro omnibus.*[1] At vero si *nihil prohibet*, ut docet Angelicus, *aliquos alios secundum quid dici mediatores inter Deum et homines, prout scilicet cooperantur ad unionem hominis cum Deo dispositive et ministerialiter*,[2] cuiusmodi sunt angeli sanctique caelites, prophetae et utriusque testamenti sacerdotes, profecto eiusdem gloriae decus Virgini excelsae cumulatius convenit. Nemo etenim unus cogitari quidem potest qui reconciliandis Deo hominibus parem atque illa operam vel unquam contulerit vel aliquando sit collaturus. Nempe ipsa ad homines in sempiternum ruentes exitium Servatorem adduxit, iam tum scilicet quum pacifici sacramenti nuncium, ab Angelo in terras allatum, admirabili assensu, *locototius humanae naturae*,[3] excepit: ipsa est *de qua natus est Iesus*, vera scilicet eius Mater, ob eamque causam digna et peraccepta *ad Mediatorem Mediatrix*.—Quarum rerum mysteria quum in Rosarii ritu ex ordine succedant piorum animis recolenda et contemplanda, inde simul elucent Mariae promerita de reconciliatione et salute nostra. Nec potest quisquam non suavissime affici quoties eam considerat, quae vel in domo Elisabethae administra charismatum divinorum apparet, vel Filium pastoribus regibus, Simeoni praebet infantem. Quid vero quum consideret, sanguinem Christi causa nostra profusum ac membra in quibus ille Patri vulnera accepta, *nostrae pretia libertatis*, ostendit, non aliud ea esse nisi carnem et sanguinem Virginis? siquidem, *caro Iesu caro est Mariae; et quamvis gloria resurrectionis fuerit magnificata, eadem tamen carnis mansit et manet natura quae suscepta est de Maria.*[4]

1 I Tim. ii. 5, 6. 2 III, q, xxvi, aa, 1, 2. 3 S. Th. III, q. xxx. a. 1.
4 *De assumpt. B. M. V.* c. v. *inter opp.* S Aug.

Sed alius quidam fructus insignis e Rosario consequitur, cum temporum ratione omnino connexus cuius Nos alias mentionem intulimus. Is nimirum est fructus, ut quando virtus fidei divinae tam multis vel periculis vel incursibus obiecta quotidie est, homini christiano hinc etiam bene suppetat quo alere eam possit et roborare.—*Auctorem fidei et consummatorem* nominant Christum divina eloquia:[1] *auctorem*, eo quia docuit ipse homines multa quae crederent, de se praecipue in quo *inhabitat omnis plenitudo divinitatis*,[2] idemque gratia et velut unctione sancti Spiritus benigne dat unde credant; *consummatorem*, quia res per velamen in mortali vita ab eis perceptas, pandit ipse apertas in caelo, ubi habitum fidei in claritudinem gloriae commutabit. Sane vero in Rosarii instituto luculenter eminet Christus; cuius vitam meditando conspicimus, et privatam in gaudiis, et publicam summos inter labores doloresque ad mortem, denique gloriosam, quae ab anastasi triumphantis, in aeternitatem profertur sedentis ad dexteram Patris. Et quoniam fides, ut plena dignaque sit, se prodat necesse est, *corde enim creditur ad iustitiam, ore autem confessio fit ad salutem*;[3] propterea ad hanc etiam habemus ex Rosario facultatem optimam. Nam per eas quibus intexitur vocales preces, licet expromere ac profiteri fidem in Deum, providentissimum nostri patrem, in venturi saeculi vitam, in peccatorum remissionem; etiam in mysteria Trinitatis augustae, Verbi hominis facti, maternitatis divinae atque alia. Nemo autem est nescius quantum sit pretium meritumque fidei. Quippe fides non secus est ac lectissimum germen, virtutis omnis flores in praesentia emittens, quibus probemur Deo, fructus deinde allaturum qui perpetuo maneant; *Nosse enim te consummata iustitia est, et scire iustitiam et virtutem tuam radix est immortalitatis.*[4]—Admonet locus ut unum adiiciamus, attinens nimirum ad officia virtutum quae iure suo postulat fides. Est inter eas poenitentiae virtus, eiusque pars etiam est *abstinentia*, non uno nomine et debita et salutaris. In quo quidem si filios suos Ecclesia clementius in dies habet,

1 Hebr. xii. 2. 2 Col. ii, 9. 3 Rom. x. 10. 4 Sap. xv. 3.

at videant ipsi diligentiam sibi omnem esse adhibendam ut indulgentiam maternam aliis compensent officiis. Libet vero in hanc pariter causam eumdem Rosarii usum cum primis proponere, qui bonos poenitentiae fructus, maxime ab angoribus Christi et Matris recolendis, aeque potest efficere.

Nitentibus igitur ad summum bonorum, sane quam providenti consilio hoc Rosarii adiumentum exhibitum est, idque tam promptum omnibus atque expeditum ut nihil magis. Quivis enim religione vel mediocriter institutus eo facile uti et cum fructu potest; neque res est tanti temporis quae cuiusquam negotiis afferat moram. Opportunis clarisque exemplis abundant annales sacri: satisque est cognitum multos semper fuisse, qui vel sustinentes graviora munera, vel curis operosis distenti, hanc tamen pietatis consuetudinem nullo unquam die intermisere.—Qua cum re suaviter congruit intimus ille religionis sensus quo animi erga coronam sacram feruntur, ut eam adament tamquam individuam vitae comitem fidumque praesidium; eamdemque in agone supremo complexi, auspicium dulce teneant ad *immarcescibilem gloriae coronam.* Auspicio plurimum favent beneficia *sacrae indulgentiae*, si perinde habeantur ac digna sunt: his enim amplissime Rosarii institutum a Decessoribus Nostris et a Nobismetipsis est auctum. Eaque certe et morientibus et vita functis, quasi per manus misericordis Virginis impertita, valde sunt profutura, quo maturius expetitae pacis lucisque perpetuae fruantur solatiis.

Haec, Venerabiles Fratres, permovent Nos ut formam pietatis tam excellentem, tamque utilem ad capiendum salutis portum, laudare et commendare gentibus catholicis ne cessemus. Sed alia praeterea id ipsum suadet causa gravissima, de qua iam saepius litteris et allocutione animum aperuimus. Videlicet, quum Nos quotidie acrius ad agendum impellat id votum, quod ex divino Christi Iesu Corde concepimus, initae dissidentium reconciliationis fovendae, intelligimus quidem hanc praestantissimam unitatem nulla re melius parari posse et adstringi quam sanctarum precum virtute. Obversatur exemplum Christi, qui ut alumni disciplinae suae essent in fide et caritate *unum*, effusa ad Patrem obsecratione rogavit.

Deque valida in idem deprecatione Matris eius sanctissimae, illustre documentum in historia est apostolica. In qua commemoratur primus Discipulorum coetus, promissam almi Spiritus amplitudinem magna spe flagitans et expectans; simulque Mariae praesentia comprecantis singulariter commemoratur; *Hi omnes erant perseverantes unanimiter in oratione cum Maria matre Iesu.*[1] Ut igitur ad eam, tamquam ad unitatis fautricem et custodem eximiam, recte se Ecclesia exoriens precando adiunxit, id similiter his temporibus per orbem catholicum fieri peropportunum est; toto praesertim octobri, quem mensem iamdiu Nos divinae Matri, pro afflictis Ecclesiae temporibus implorandae, deditum sacrumque sollemni Rosarii ritu voluimus.—Proinde caleat ubique huiusmodi precis studium, ad propositum in primis sanctae unitatis. Neque aliud quidquam Mariae gratius acceptiusque fuerit, utpote quae Christo maxime coniuncta, maximopere id cupiat et velit ut qui uno eodemque donati sunt eius baptismate, una omnes eademque fide perfectaque caritate cum ipso et inter se cohaereant.—Eiusdem vero fidei mysteria augusta altius in animis per Rosarii cultum insideant, eo felicissimo fructu ut *imitemur quod continent et quod promittunt assequamur.*

Interea munerum divinorum auspicem caritatisque Nostrae testem, singulis vobis cleroque ac populo vestro Apostolicam benedictionem peramanter impertimus.

Datum Romae apud Sanctum Petrum die xx Septembris anno MDCCCXCVI, Pontificatus Nostri decimo nono.

LEO PP. XIII.

E S. CONGREGATIONE RITUUM.

EPUS ADPROBARE POTEST TRADUCTIONEM OFFICII PARVI B. M. V. PRO PRIVATA RECITATIONE TANTUM.

Reverendissimus Dominus Guliemus Van de Ven, Episcopus Buscoducensis, a S. R. Congr. sequentium dubiorum solutionem humiliter efflagitavit, nimirum:

1 Act i. 14.

I. An Episcopus ordinaria auctoritate adprobare valeat translationem in vernaculam linguam Officii parvi B. M. Virginis quod legitur in Breviario Romano?

II. Utrum idem Officium ita translatum et adprobatum in lucem edi et adhiberi queat a fidelibus, intra fines dioeceseos Buscoducensis degentibus, et praesertim a Congregationibus religiosis utriusque sexus?

Et Sacra eadem Congregatio, exquisito voto Commissionis Liturgicae, reque mature perpensa, rescribendum censuit:

Ad 1um *Affirmative.*

Ad 2um *Affirmative*, sed tantum pro recitatione privata. Atque ita rescripsit.

Die 24 Aprilis 1896.

CAJ. *Card.* ALOISI-MASSELLA, *S. R. C. Praef.*

L. ✠ S. A. TRIPEPI, *Secretarius.*

S. R. UNIV. INQUISITIONE

AD CORROBORANDUM DEBILE VINUM PRO MISSA, NON MISCEATUR MUSTO SACCHARUM, SED POTIUS ADDATUR ALCOOL, ETC.

Beatissime Pater,

Silverius Episcopus titularis Camacensis, Auxiliarius v. p. d. Episcopi Mariannensis in Brasilia, ad pedes Sanctitatis Tuae provolutus, quae sequuntur humiliter exponit.

In Brasilia difficillimum est verum vinum habere ad S. Missae Sacrificium conficiendum, et fere impossibile illud ab adulterino distinguere, nisi in ipsa, eadem regione confectum. Iamvero uva his in locis adeo debilis et aquosa est ut, ad tolerabile vinum habendum, aliquid sacchari e planta, quam vulgo "canna de assucar" appellamus, musto admisceri debeat; et hoc quidem modo fabricatum quoque est vinum, quo Sacerdotes in S. Missae Sacrificio passim utuntur. Nunc vero, cognita responsione S. Rom. et Un. Inq. feria V. loco IV. die 25 Iunii 1891 lata, dubitationes et conscientia anxietates ortae sunt. Quapropter humilis Orator instantissime

supplicat, ut Sanctitas Tua benigne declarare dignetur, utrum sic confectum vinum pro S. Missae Sacrificio tuto adhiberi valeat nec ne.

Feria IV. die 5 Augusti 1896.

In Congr. Gen. S. Rom. et Un. Inq., proposita suprascripta instantia praehabitoque R. DD. Cons. voto, E. ac R. D. Cardinales Inq. Gen. respondendum decreverunt: "Loco sacchari extracti e canna saccharina vulgo *canna de assucar* addendus potius esse spiritus *alcool*, dummodo ex genimine vitis extractus fuerit, et cuius quantitas, addita cum ea quam vinum, de quo agitur, naturaliter continet, haud excedat proportionem duodecim pro centum; huiusmodi vero admixtio fiat quando fermentatio tumultuosa, ut aiunt, defervescere inceperit."

Sequenti vero feria VI. die 7 dicti mens. SS. D. N. Leo div. prov. Pp. XIII, in solita Audientia r. p. d. Adsessori S. Officii impertita, relatam Sibi E. Patrum resolutionem benigne adprobare dignatus est.

IOS. MANCINI,
S. R. et Univ. Inquis. Notarius.

CONFERENCES.

MENDA.

In a decision of the S. C., published in the REVIEW (Sept., pag. 420, iv.) a line was inadvertently dropped out by the printer, which obscures the sense of the decree. The passage "ubi unus . . . sacerdos . . . hic, si saecularis, teneturne sequi Calendarium Ordinis, si proprio gaudeat" should read "ubi unus . . . sacerdos . . . hic, si saecularis teneturne sequi Calendarium *Dioecesis in qua extat Oratorium, et si regularis, Calendarium* Ordinis, si proprio gaudeat." The italicized portion marks the omission.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "GERTRUDE."

Qu. Would you please to state in the REVIEW, whether the name of *Gertrude* has any distinctly Christian meaning? I know that it is usually rendered by "spear-maiden" or "trusted with the spear" presumably from Old German, but as the name seems to have been a favorite one with Christians—I believe there are two canonized saints of that name—it appears likely to have some other signification which caused it to be chosen with preference by Christian folk.

Resp. The German hagiographer Stadler, gives besides the current meaning "true with the spear," two others, viz., "very amiable" which is also rendered "amiable maiden." The elements which, according to this interpretation, compose the word are apparently the root of *troth* (fidelis) and the Saxon *ger* or *gar* (*geara*) which Lye in his "Gothico Latinum" translates by *bene*, *valde* and *satis*. In the same way Stadler interprets other proper names, like Gerbert, from *ger* = "spear" (Sancr. *drus* = wood) or *ger*, *gar* = "very" and *bert* = "bright." Other Gothic words which might account for the first syllable are *gerad* (prudent) and *geryd* (upright).

The Abbé Migne mentions a St. *Gebetrudis*, sister of St. Adelphius, who is also called *Gertrudis*. This would render the meaning "treu im geben" that is "generous in charity." This holy nun was Abbess of Ramiremont and died in 670.

It has also been suggested as a matter of philological speculation that the name "Gertrude" might be derived from the O. H. G. *ger*, *giri* (lat. cupidus) or from the Sanskrit *gurtas* (lat. gratus) and the Gothic *truda* (step), that of "pleasing or graceful in her movements." (See Curtius Griech. Etymolog. pp. 198 and 238.)

As our correspondent speaks of "two canonized saints" by this name, we may add here that the "Heiligenlexicon" mentions six canonized Gertrudes, two beatified, and altogether twenty who are catalogued by the Bollandists and in special martyrologies, whose lives were authenticated as marked by heroic virtue. We append a brief list.

S. Gertrudis, V. Abbat. Nivelle, (Belgium,) A. D. 626 (631?). 17 March.

S. Gertrudis, V. sister of the Emperor Charlemagne, foundress of Saalburg Monastery (near Würzburg) at present a ruin. A. D. 812. See Bolland. March, vol. ii, 602.

S. Gertrudis, V. M. of Brabant, was martyred in the neighborhood of Valduley en Argonne. Her feast is celebrated by the French of that district on the day after the Ascension. (Two sisters, Oda and Manna, and a brother, Eucharius, suffered martyrdom with her.) Boll. vii. 514. Mg.

S. Gertrudis (the same as St. Gebetrudis mentioned above), 7 Nov.

S. Gertrudis, sister of S. Melchtildis, daughter of Count Hackeborn (Eisleben in Saxony), born 1264. This is the Saint who by her great learning, penetration and gift of governing others has become the pattern and patron of religious superiors.

S. Gertrudis of Hamoy (near Marchiennes in Belgium). After the death of her husband, Ingomar (Rigomar), she devoted herself to active charity. Bucelin speaks of her as Ducissa and Lechner styles her husband "Prince" Rigomar.

Bishop Vindicianus of Cambrey has dedicated a church to her, and procured the transfer of her relics to the monastery of Marchiennes. She had two children, Adalbaldus and Gerberta, whose names are found among the beatified in several martyrologies. Died in 650.—Besides these we have:

Bl. Gertrudis van Oosten, V. † 1358 in the Convent of Delft (Holland). Of humble parentage and a servant, she possessed exquisite gifts of mind. The name *van Oosten* was given her by the people, because she was fond of singing an old Hollandish hymn "Het daghet in den Oosten."

Bl. Gertrudis, Abbat. (13 Aug.) youngest daughter of the Landgrave Louis VI and St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, born 1226. Abbess for nearly 50 years of the Premonstratensian Monastery of Altenberg.

Ven. Gertrudis, abbess of Biloca (Gent in Flandria) (31 Aug.) Boll. vi. 649.

Others of this name, who died in the odor of sanctity, are: Gertrudis Gisberti (Cologne, 1610) (29 Jan.)—Gertrudis, called *Reclusa*, near the castle of Volmstein in Westphalia (15 Febr.)—Gertrude of Ortenberg, buried in the Franciscan church of that place; 1275, widow (23 Febr.)—Gertrude, Duchess of Poland (7 May.)—Gertrude, daughter of S. Berta, religious in the convent of Blangy in Artois (14 July).—Gertrudis, an English martyr (8 Aug.)—Gertrude de Campere, born at Nivelle (Brabant) 1608, a Franciscan nun (30 Sept.)—Gertrude de Grothen, a poor Clare of Trèves, died in 1504 (1 Nov.)—Gertrude, a Cistercian nun of Luttich (27 Nov.)

BENEDICTIO ECCLESIAE RENOVATAE.

Qu. Is it necessary to bless again a renovated church, the inner surface of which had been damaged by fire so that only the plastering of the sanctuary remained intact?

Resp. From an answer of the S. Congregation to a question regarding the reconsecration of churches in which the

plaster has been removed and renewed, we would infer by analogy that it is not necessary to repeat the blessing. See the AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, April, 1895, page 344, where the full text of the decree is found.

A LOW REQUIEM MASS ON FEASTS II CL.

Qu. According to a recent decree, as published in the REVIEW, we are privileged to say a low mass *de Requie pro die obitus* on double feasts. Does this include doubles of the first and second class?

Resp. The low Mass of Requiem *pro die obitus* is permitted on all days except doubles of the first class and actual holidays of obligation.

The decree as originally published in the Roman *Analecta*, from which we obtained a copy, had inadvertently omitted the words "*exceptis duplicibus primae classis et festis de praecepto.*" We hereby correct the misunderstanding caused by the omission.

"THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW" ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

Qu. REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

If your attention has not already been drawn to it, may I ask you to compare a book notice of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1896, page 890, re Sabetti's Gury-Ballerini, with a conclusion given in the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, May, 1896, page 470, regarding the Secret Societies of "Odd Fellows," "Knights of Pythias," and "Sons of Temperance." You stated that *where all the five conditions specified in the Instruction are verified in one case*, the confessor has sufficient cause—not, to absolve but—to apply to the Apostolic Delegate for permission to do so.

The *Am. Cath. Quarterly Review*, on the other hand, in its last number, says: If we remember rightly, the decree does not pre-

scribe this reference to the Delegate in *singulis casibus*, as the learned author seems to imply, but in *casibus particularibus*, which is generally interpreted to mean in cases where there existed a doubt as to the application of the four conditions demanded by the Holy See."

I have quoted only the most important passage.—Which opinion is right?

Resp. We do not know what authority the book-reviewer of the *American Catholic Quarterly* has for his statement. Our interpretation has the authority of the Apostolic Delegation. As for P. Sabetti, it might have been reasonably assumed that since in his work he refers expressly to our interpretation, he must have been sure that it was correct. Accordingly we wrote to ascertain whether there could be any doubt about the matter. The following is the reply of P. Sabetti which we publish here by his leave:

DEAR FATHER * * *

Your letter about the interpretation of the clause "in casibus particularibus" just received. The interpretation given by me is, I am certain, the correct one, not only because I was told so explicitly at the Apostolic Delegation, where I consulted before going into print, but also because otherwise the uniformity, which, in this matter, is so earnestly sought for, would be utterly impossible.

As the learned critic in the *Quarterly* candidly says: "if we remember rightly," it is hardly a rash judgment to assume that he had not before him the full text of the Decree. Now, the attentive reading of the whole document would throw a great deal of light on the question at issue. The last paragraph reads thus: Quae cum SSmo Dno et Papae Leoni XIII relatae fuerint, in totum approbata et confirmata fuerunt. Verum cum de re gravissima atque periculorum et difficultatum plena agatur, quae plurimas non modo dioeceses, sed et provincias ecclesiasticas respicit, idem SSmus Dnus jussit ut uniformis regulae servandae causa, impletis omnibus quae hoc decreto statuuntur, casibus particularibus Eminentia Tua et in Apostolica Delegatione successores providere possint."

It follows very plainly from the above words that the Apostolic Delegate is to provide, not simply as a judge determining whether

the required conditions be verified or not, but in the manner of a prudent administrator, who determines the granting or not granting of the dispensation, no matter how fully the conditions assigned be verified. The Holy See wishes to make a consession—"mens est quod ea res tolerari possit," yet this consession is not put into the hands of each priest, but only into those of the Apostolic Delegate. When instead of *particularibus*, I wrote *singulis*, I did so precisely in order to make the meaning of the document clearer, not to change it; for I well knew that in an English-speaking country the Latin "particularibus" would naturally and obviously enough be translated into the English *particular* instead of *individual*, which is the one really intended in the Decree."

That there are cases when the terms *particulares* and *singuli* must be distinguished in canonical language every theologian knows, but here, as in many other instances, the two terms are identical, as is plain from the context.

After the foregoing had gone to the printer, the following letter addressed by the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate to the editor of the *Quarterly* is made public.

REV. DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to the criticism of Father Sabetti's 'Moral Theology' in the last number of the *Quarterly*. I desire to say that Father Sabetti is right regarding the necessity of applying to this Delegation in every case for the permission to remain an associate member of the forbidden societies, and your critic is wrong. With regard to the hour of death of the penitent, every confessor must surely know that in such cases absolution is given after the penitent promises to apply to the proper authority for the permission in case he should recover his health and live. With sentiments of highest esteem and fraternal charity, I remain most faithfully yours in Christ,

SEBASTIAN,
Abp. of Ephesus, Ap. Del.

Apostolic Delegation, United States of America, Washington, D. C., November 10, 1896.

SATEEN FOR SACRED VESTMENTS.

Qu. Is it contrary to the rubrics to employ for the making of altar vestments, textiles which, though they closely resemble silk, are really cotton or woolen fabrics woven in the peculiar fashion of satins? These stuffs are called *sateen*, I believe, and much less expensive than pure silk goods.

Resp. The rubrics and decrees of the Church prescribe *silk-thread* cloth for the sacred vestments. Ordinarily *satin*, which differs from silk cloth in the manner of laying the threads of the weft, is included in the term. But, what is usually sold under the name of *sateen*, is not silk and, therefore, unlawful.

A special concession has been made for poor churches, according to which, although the vestments must be of silk, a basis and lining of linen, or cotton, etc., is permitted. This is the meaning of *si fila serica superimponuntur.*

Gold thread is permitted, and by reason of its preciousness may be used for both white and red color; in poor churches also for green.

Silver thread is allowed for white.

The veil covering the chalice and that used by the subdeacon at Mass must always be of silk. Hence, if the vestments be gold or silver, the veil, corresponding with them, should be at least lined with silk, and no other material can licitly be substituted.

Vestments which are painted or wrought in figures are licit only when the ground is silk or gold or silver-thread.

For the decrees on this subject, see AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, vol. ii, pag. 282.

UTRUM EX IMPOTENTIA CURABILI ORIATUR IMPEDIMENTUM DIRIMENS?

Qu. Titius et Titia matrimonium inierunt, sed statim Titia ad copulam impotens invenitur ob totalem occlusionem vaginae (seu ex arctitudine). Titia se medico sistit qui adhibita operatione chirurgica eam habilem reddit. Unde quaeritur:

Utrum matrimonium censendum sit invalidum? et si ita: quomodo renovandus consensus?

Resp. In genere ad hujusmodi difficultates solvendas tenendum est principium: "Ut impotentia *dirimat* debet esse antecedens, *perpetua et absoluta.*"

Hinc, cum in casu proposito impotentia possit auferri, videtur matrimonium censendum esse validum, eo magis cum mulier "ex intentione sese viro id desideranti aptam reddendi" operationem felici exitu subierit, atque postea vitam conjugalem cum viro producendo et sic consensum maritalem implicite renovando, matrimonium convalidatum demonstrare videatur.

Si defectus forsan *publicus* evaserit tunc consensus renovandus est, aliter ad cautelam, quamvis pro validitate potius standum etiam verbis de consensu non expressis ratio indicare videtur.—Cf. Lehmkuhl, vol. ii, n. 745.

THE ANGLICAN ORDINAL OF EDWARD THE SIXTH.

Qu. The Holy Father in his recent Encyclical on Anglican Ordinations gives, as the principal evidence of their invalidity, the fact that the rite used was that of the ordinal of Edward VI, which was deficient in the essentials required for valid consecration.

Is there any good treatise published which deals particularly with this phase of the subject? Some of my Anglican friends state that the same rite is used in several of the Eastern Churches which are in communion with the Holy See, and that the Pontiff, in refusing the Anglican form because of its defective wording, is inconsistent. Could you clear up this subject in the REVIEW?

Resp. An excellent book (about 200 pages,) entitled "The Ordinal of King Edward VI, its history, theology and liturgy," was published about 25 years ago by the learned Benedictine, Dom Wilfrid Raynal, himself a convert. In the current number of the *Civilta Cattolica* F. Brandi, S.J., has an article *La Condanna delle Ordinazioni Anglicane*, which we propose to translate in the REVIEW. It is a clear misrepresentation to adduce the ritual of the Eastern churches in communion with the Holy See, for the purpose of proving the Edwardian form legitimate,—as if Leo XIII could be ignorant of the Oriental rites to which he expressly refers in his Encyclical.

BOOK REVIEW.

CATHOLIC SUMMER AND WINTER SCHOOL LIBRARY: The Fundamental Principles of Christian Ethics. Five Lectures by Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co. 1896. Pp. 284.

What dainty enticements to read and even at times to study these Summer and Winter School booklets are! To read, for on the whole this is all they demand. The subjects they offer, attractive in themselves, and presented in the vivacious style of the lecture, are clad in a material dress so neat and well-fitting that no lover of good reading is likely to resist the winsomeness of these volumes. Booklets they are for the railway ride, for the stroll by country lanes, for the shady nook in the summer grove, for the closing hours of the day, when the work is done and the lamps are lighted and the hearth aglow, for the rainy day when the time is too heavy and the novel too frittering of still precious time. We take up, however, now and again one that asks more than the reading process nor will suffer itself to be relegated to the off-hour. To nothing less than down-right study in times and days when the mind is free and deepest and quickest of vision will such a one disclose its treasures. Of this more exacting temper is the booklet here at hand on Fundamental Ethics. How so much rigid philosophy could be compacted within so small a compass only those initiated into the secrets of mental condensation can divine. The delicate little covers, methinks, would complain if they could. The builder's aim was here to lay the foundations of Ethics for the future work of the Columbia Summer School, and none may say but that he has set them broad and deep. One does not look for Gothic trimmings around a corner-stone, nor will he find rhetorical decorations in this substructure of Ethics. What he will find, however, are cyclopean blocks of moral science evenly cut and exactly fitted, This is of course as it should be. All the same, since as a retouching of these foundations is likely to be asked for at some future date, may it be allowed the

passer-by to suggest that somewhat more of the rough surface be chiselled away? Overmuch of the Latin and German quarry clings here and there to the blocks. These offend the eye. May it be noted too in passing that in connection with the use of the word Positivist and Positivism as designating the theory that makes ethical norm extrinsic to the moral agent, a brief explanation warning the reader not to confound this special, arbitrary employment of the terms with the generally received meaning they have taken on in English since the days of Comte. Two most useful features we must not omit to notice. The very full bibliography appended will enable the reader to reach the best treasures of ethical science and the thorough analytical index will serve to fasten more firmly in his mind the compact thought given by the volume.

F. P. S.

ESSAYS EDUCATIONAL, by Brother Azarias. Preface by Cardinal Gibbons. Chicago: McBride & Co. 1896. Pp. vi, 283.

Brother Azarias opens his lecture on Books and Reading with these words: "I need not dwell upon the advantages that are to be derived from a familiar acquaintance with books. If you have made a few choice authors your bosom friends, with whom you seek refuge in hours of anxiety or trouble, who speak to you words of comfort when you are weighed down by sorrow or annoyance, who are a solace and a recreation, cheering you up and reminding you of the better and higher things of life, no words of mine can help you to hold those tried and true friends in greater estimation than that in which you now hold them." The modest-minded Brother of the Christian Schools had no thought of how his own tribute to the praise of books were to be reflected on his own works, which to so many were to become bosom friends to comfort and cheer and remind their readers of "the higher things of life." Brother Azarias had that singular breadth and depth of culture, that delicate imaginative sense, that instinct of art, that elevation of soul which alone are able to bind in captivating harmony the literature of knowledge with the literature of power.

It is the happy blending of these two literary forces that have made his books the bosom friends, the tried and the true that they are to so many cultured minds. A far-seeing and a beneficent un-

dertaking it is on the part of those who have the keeping of the Brother's literary remains to bring together in permanent form the many essays delivered as lectures on various occasions and contributed from time to time to different periodical publications. Three volumes are to be given to the collection, each however, to have its independence. The present volume, the first in the series, embraces eight essays bearing in the main on the history of education. Of these essays, the first, on Cloistral Schools, the sixth, on the Simultaneous Method of Education, and the last, on M. Compayre's History of Pedagogy, appeared originally in the pages of this REVIEW. The third, on Mediæval University Life, was published in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, and the fifth, on Primary Schools in the Middle Ages, was contributed to the *Educational Review*. A certain mournful interest clings to the volume in that it embalms the closing work of his life—the series of lectures delivered at the Catholic Summer School, in Plattsburgh, July, 1893.

The element of knowledge-literature in these essays is the large fund of historical information they present on the life and development of education, especially during the Middle Ages. Reliable works on this subject in English are few and fragmentary. As a contribution, therefore, to this field the present collection will be of precious value. We may here make our own the tribute paid to Brother Azarias by Cardinal Gibbons in his neat preface to the book. "In classic style, with an ease and grace that spring from a thorough knowledge of his subject, he sketches with a master's hand the efforts of our forefathers in the attainment of learning and the methods they adopted to accomplish their laudable object. To many it will be a surprise to learn that the education of the young was a matter of great solicitude to the bishops and priests of the so-called Dark Ages. Brother Azarias shows that primary schools were established and maintained not by taxation, but by the self-denying efforts of teachers and the voluntary contributions of the people. This volume contains a fund of knowledge in detail. It manifests a large reading, a retentive memory and power of condensation, without, however, the affectation of learning, the cumbersomeness of erudition, or the indistinctness of a too concise diction."

But the charm in the writings of Brother Azarias, that which lifts his work above cyclopedic knowledge, lies in the chaste simplicity of his thought and expression, in the presentation of what time and toil had wrought out best in his own character, and in the human-*ness*, if

we may make the word, with which he inspired the dead facts and made them to live with the life he breathed and which united him in one catholic feeling with the humanity of the past as of the present. Here in these essays gathered from many fields as elsewhere *nil tetigit quod non ornavit.*

F. P. S.

ROME AND ENGLAND, or Ecclesiastical Continuity. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A., Magdal. College, Oxford.—London: Burns and Oates.

This volume comes quite opportunely and was probably intended to meet the disappointed conjectures of those Anglicans who, being unwilling to accept the recent decision of Leo XIII regarding the validity of their ordinations, exercise themselves to find reasons for showing that the Pope is wrong.

Father Rivington, with accustomed precision, defines his thesis in syllogistic form, to wit:

There can be no real continuity between two religious bodies, one of which has persistently held that the government of the Church was committed by our Lord to St. Peter and His successors, whilst the other maintains that "the Church of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm." But the Church of England has maintained the latter position *since the middle of the sixteenth century;* whereas the Church of England, *before that period* (that is, from the days of St. Augustine of Canterbury), held that the Roman Pontiff is the divinely appointed successor of St. Peter in the government of the Universal Church.

Therefore, the Church of England, since the time of the so-called Reformation, is not continuous or identical with the Church of England which St. Augustine or St. Gregory the Great founded.

The plea which our author makes, to prove from historical statements that the supremacy of the Roman See was considered a fundamental canon of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* down to the time of Archbishop Warham, who preceded Cranmer in the See of Canterbury, is absolutely irrefutable. With critical skill he lays bare the evasive and sinuous arguments of recent Anglican writers who prefer plausible assumptions to humiliating facts. We need no better arguments against Anglican orders than the Anglican confessions of

faith here given as compared with the Anglican confession of faith set forth in the Prayer Book of Edward VI, revised by Cranmer and Ridley in 1552, which was in force up to the middle of the following century and practically beyond that time.

We are glad that Father Rivington takes occasion to stigmatize as untrue and uncalled for a statement of that accomplished writer, Mrs. Oliphant, in her volume, "Makers of Rome." She almost goes out of her way to condemn Innocent III for his choice of Otho as emperor, and in this follows a common prejudice which both Mr. Green, in his "History of the English People," and Prof. Brewer, in his Preface to "Giraldus Cambrensis," show to be an utterly false conception of the pontiff's character.

LE CARDINAL MANNING. Par François de Pressensé.—Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1896. Pp. 316. 12mo. Pr. 2,95 frcs.

A few years ago Mr. Pressensé published an historical sketch entitled "L'Irlande et Angleterre depuis l'acte d'union jusqu' à nos jours." The author therein showed himself thoroughly familiar with the principal incidents and actors of the present century in England and with the policy pursued by those who directed the great political and religious reform-movements of recent times. It was therefore to be expected that his estimate of Cardinal Manning would be that of an historian who sees the leading figures of the human stage in their grand entirety rather than in the petty details of trimming and stain. Mr. Pressensé plainly shows his irritation at the manner in which the English biographer, Purcell, has treated his hero. Furthermore he strikes a well-aimed blow at the bigotry of his fellow religionists who, when the first chapters of the present book appeared in the Parisian *Revue des Deux Mondes*, accused him of Romanizing tendencies. This he does in a lengthy, but not wearisome preface of over a hundred pages. The principal characteristic of the whole book is its marked condemnation of the so-called liberal spirit in the Catholic Church. This spirit, he says, has led to the loose and dangerous views regarding the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, and has tended directly to undermine all divine authority. He defends the thorough consistency of what has been called Manning's ultramontane bias, and argues—what seems

almost incredible from the Protestant standpoint—in favor of Manning's policy, because it proved a decided safeguard against such false reform-movements as that of Lord Acton and Prof. Döllinger.

Those who remember the splendid defence of Catholic institutions made by the elder Pressensé during the anti-clerical agitation in the French Senate, years ago, will recognize the same love of justice and truth in the work of the son. May both find the joy and peace of communion with the one Catholic Apostolic Church.

ORGANUM AD GRADUALE ROMANUM. Pars Tertia, continens Commune Sanctorum, nonnullas Dominicas e Proprio de Tempore, aliqua Festa e Proprio Sanctorum. Harmoniis Exornata a C. Becker, Rectore Chori in Salesiano, St. Francis, Wis. Sold by subscription only: Apply to the Author, or J. Singenberger, St. Francis, Wis.

We have noticed with commendation the two preceding Parts of this "Accompaniment" to the Roman *Graduale.* The same laborious and successful care has been expended by its author on this Third Part, and the same elegant typography meets the eye, as in the other Parts. Author and printer are to be congratulated on an attempt to thus popularize the Chant and render it a matter of pleasure to the organist to read and the congregation to hear. Throughout the work there is abundant evidence to show how patiently and thoroughly the author has endeavored to meet the objections often urged against any attempt to harmonize the Chant. The rhythm of the melodies—almost the only musical feature of Gregorian Chant—is not necessarily sacrificed to a perplexingly close adherence to labyrinthine chord-relations. It is free and flowing. Fr. Witt taught the world of musicians to avoid a fanatical determination to harmonize anew every note of the melody. Such a method succeeded only in rendering it heavy, slow and unrhythmic. The arabesque melody lost thus its chief charm, and "like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along." The style of harmonization here employed by Father Becker is grave, sweet, and religious. The diësis he uses very sparingly, and with just regard to the varying tonalities. Here, again, the "schools" of

Chant-accompaniment lay snares for unwary feet. The rigid scholasticism which would thrust out of the harmony any note not found in the melody had its day, and made the whole effect of the harmonized chants a fine demonstration against the propriety of any accompaniment. Indeed, Fr. Witt went so far as to say that any accompaniment was the very death of Gregorian melody. He rather humorously made it his excuse for devising his own method of harmonization, that he wished the death to be as quiet and painless as possible. If people will listen patiently to the Chant only with the saving clause of the superadded attractiveness of harmony put to it—and this seems to be the lamentable fact—then the author of the present harmonization is surely to be congratulated on meeting the demand, and helping the cause of Gregorian Chant in a notable fashion, by his long and conscientious and, let us add, his very successful labors. H. T. H.

CLARE VAUGHAN. By Lady Lovat.—American Edition, with new letters and illustrations.—New York: Cathedral Library Association. 1896.

We do not know how better to recommend this book than by repeating here what we have already said in the Preface to the American edition, which we were asked to write.

Clare Vaughan's beautiful life, by Lady Lovat, is not as widely known as it deserves, especially among those to whom it might become an incentive to search after that precious pearl of the religious life, which grows daily more rare amid the numerous devices of modern worldliness, ever eager to discredit the spirit of Christian self-sacrifice. We have come to view the systematic cultivation of bodily comforts and of physical enjoyment as both a necessity and a duty, which must not be interfered with by the obligations of religion ; and that, whatever allowance we may make for the spiritual aspirations and devout practices of past generations, this enlightened age has outgrown the need, and, indeed, the capacity of bodily mortification and self-imposed humiliation. Clare Vaughan stands in evidence against this spirit of our age, and if there be in her actions, at times, that which must seem to us extravagant, let us remember that love is impulsive, and that the more intense it is, the less can we make it accountable to the exactions of mere human prudence. No one assumes that the extraordinary outbursts of divine passion

in heroic souls are written down in order to cause the reader to imitate them. They are intended only as proofs of the quality of a love which forgets self in its longing for union with God, a longing which we all are placed on earth to kindle in our hearts by prayer and fidelity to grace.

The present volume has been enriched by some hitherto unpublished letters from Clare Vaughan to Miss Bellasis, a nun of the Holy Child Jesus, and by a few extracts from other sources.

For the illustrations, we are indebted to the kindness of Father Kenelm Vaughan, and to the courtesy of the Superioress of the Convent of Poor Clares, at Amiens, where the beautiful blossom of Clare's vocation unfolded under the influence of the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament. There, at the foot of the altar, she placed the scarcely opened flower of her innocent life, and the sweet fragrance of her truly heroic virtues still pervades the secluded spot. May its perfumes be carried across the ocean to the young and pure in heart of our land; to the lovers of the Blessed Sacrament, and to all those who long for the "Kingdom come," which is opened only to the humble of heart and the mortified!

Clare Vaughan is the sister of the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and of several brothers whose names are well known in the world of charity and letters.

SERMONS AND DISCOURSES. By John McQuirk, DD., LL.D. Vol. I—Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati, 1896. Pp. 438. (illustrated.)

THE SUBLIMITY OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT. A Course of Sermons for the Forty Hours' Adoration. Transl. from the German by a Cath. Priest. —Fr. Pustet & Co. Pp. 39.

Quite independent from the fact that a multiplication of Sermon books means increased opportunities of improving the service of the pulpit, we hail with satisfaction the appearance of every new publication by American Priests, as an evidence of literary activity in a field where hitherto there have been but few men possessed of either taste or sufficient facility for intellectual and literary work. Dr. McQuirk's sermons are on familiar topics, those truths of religion,

a remembrance of which, like the sun, is needful for our existence and growth in perfection, and which, if earnestly and judiciously set forth, bear endless repetition without wearying the hearer.

The six sermons on the sublimity of the Bl. Sacrament, translated from the German, are full of suggestive matter, and it is to be hoped that Father Timmins will continue the work to which he has been urged partly by his love for the Bl. Sacrament, partly "by a friendly regard for such priests as live apart and cannot always have each other's help."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ORDO divini officii recitandi Missaeque celebrandae—pro Clero Saeculari Statuum Foederatorum officiis generalibus hic concessis utente concessus.—Pro A.D. 1897. Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

ORDO divini officii recitandi Missaeque celebrandae—a Clero provinciarum S. Ludovici, Milwaukiensis, Chicagiensis, Sanctae Fidei et Dubuq. Juxta rubr. Brev. et Missal. Romani. A.D. 1897.—S. Ludovici: B. Herder.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES and Explanation of the Ecclesiastical Year. From the French of the Abbé Durand. (Illustrated)—New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1896. Pp. 283. 16 mo. Pr. bd. 50 cents, (paper 25 cents).

ROME AND ENGLAND, OR ECCLESIASTICAL CONTINUITY. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A., Oxford—London: Burns & Oates. (Benziger Bros.) Pp. 193. 12 mo.

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH—"I believe in the Communion of Saints." By Josephine Marié.—New York: Cathedral Library Association. 1896. Pp. 61. 18 mo. Pr. bd. 50 cents.

TAQUISARA. By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. New York: The MacMillan Company. 1896. Pp. 309 and 317. Pr. $2.00.

ORGANUM AD GRADUALE ROMANUM. Pars III, continens Commune Sanctorum, nonnullas Dominicas e "proprio de Tempore," aliqua festa e "proprio Sanctorum," harmoniis exornata a C. Becker, rectore chori in Salesiano, St. Francis, Wis. (Subscript. copy; apply to the Author, or to J. Singenberger, St. Francis, Wis.)

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE, a novel. By Christian Reid, author of Armine, Philip's Restitution, Child of Mary, etc.—Benziger Bros. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Pp. 285. Pr. bd. $1.25.

PRAY FOR US! Little Chaplets for the Saints, compiled by A. Sewell. London: Burns & Oates. (Benziger Bros.)

PRAYER, the great means of obtaining salvation and all the graces which we desire of God. By St. Alphonsus Liguori.—Centenary Edition.—New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1896. Pp. 222. 32 mo. Pr. bd. 50 cents.

THE CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL, 1897. Illustrated.—Catholic School Book Company. 28 Barclay street, New York. Pp. 128.

CLARE VAUGHAN. By Lady Lovat. Illustrated. American Edition. —New York: The Catholic Library Association. 1896. Pp. 135.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FATHER JOHN MORRIS, S.J. 1826–1893. By Father J. H. Pollen, S.J.—London: Burns & Oates. (Benziger Bros.) 1896. Pp. 294.

KATAKOMBEN—BILDER. Erzählungen aus den ersten Jahrhunderten der römischen Kirche. Von Anton de Waal. Illustrirt.—New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1895.

CHILDREN OF MARY. A Tale of the Caucasus. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J.—Translated by Helena Long.—St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1896. Pp. 122, 16 mo. Pr. bd. 50 cents.

THE CROWN OF MARY. Complete Manual of Devotions, etc., for all devout Clients of the Mother of God.—Benziger Bros. 1896. Pp. 559. 32 mo. Pr. bd. 60 cents to $1.50.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Pp. 136. 12 mo. Illustrated.

THE SUBLIMITY OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT. A Course of Sermons for the Forty Hours' Adoration. Transl. from the German by a Catholic Priest.—Fr. Pustet & Co. Pp. 39.

LANGUAGE AND NATIONALITY in the Light of Revelation and History. Charles F. St. Laurent.—Montreal, Canada. 1896. Pp. 104. Send to L. N. Dumouchel, 66 Rue St. Jacques, Montreal, Canada.

PASTORAL LETTER of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Covington on Christian Unity. Pp. 6.

SERMONS AND DISCOURSES. By Rev. John McQuirk, D.D., LL.D. Vol. I. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1896. Pp. 438.

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THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

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I Cor. xiv, 5.

DECEMBER, 1896.

Subscription payable in advance.
FOR UNITED STATES AND CANADA, - - $3.50 YEARLY.
FOR EUROPEAN COUNTRIES AND AUSTRALIA, 4.00
SINGLE COPIES, 35 CENTS.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW CO.

3 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION FOR THE CLERGY.

(*Cum Approbatione Superiorum.*)

Published regularly on the First Day of every Month.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. V. No. 6. (VOL. XV.)

DECEMBER, 1896.

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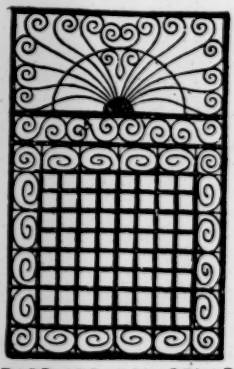

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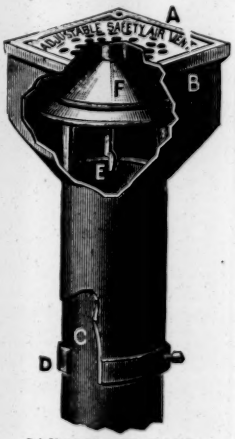

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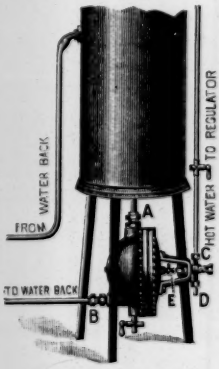

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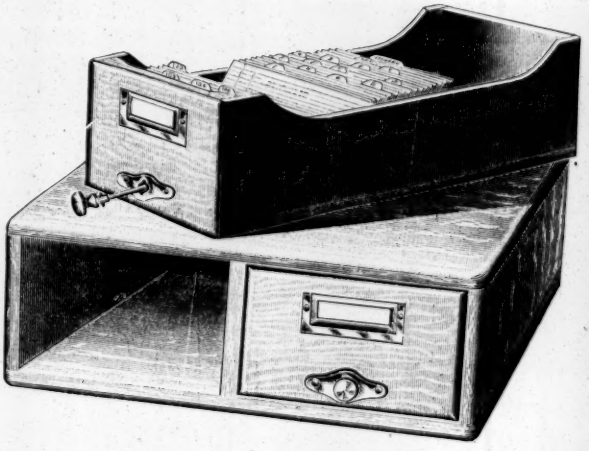

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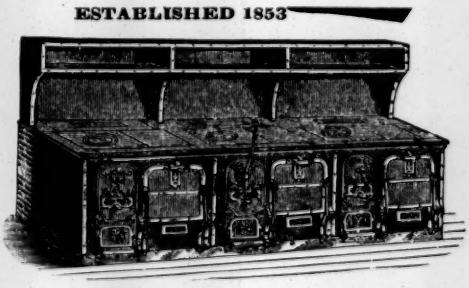

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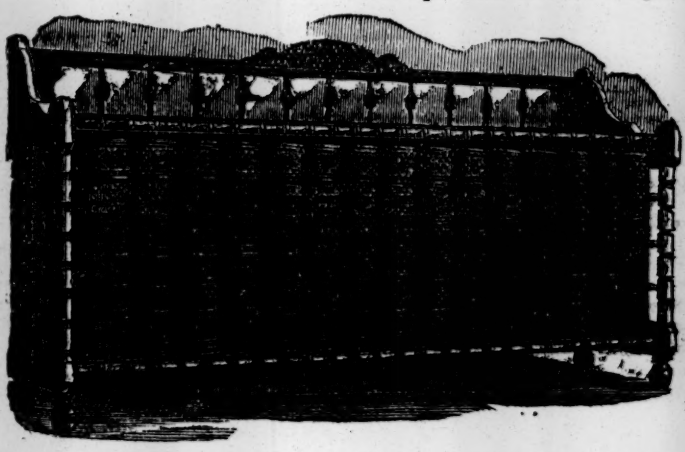

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